

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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## The Front Page

It is a fine thing to be able to read, and the Toronto dailies are supplying much interesting and instructive reading to the people just now. The boiler-maker, through the clang and heat of his toil, has something to think about; the cobbler pounding leather on his knee and earning nickels and dimes so that his family may live in the two rooms behind the hole in the wall that serves as his shop; the farmer, alone in a ten-acre lot, plowing his furrow; the keeper of the little store, dusting his counter and waiting for customers that too rarely enter; the preacher in his study, planning his Sunday sermon—all these, and others, have been given much to think about by the daily newspapers in their reports of the high finance laid bare before the Insurance Commission, and low politics exposed in the police court in connection with the London election.

Men who work for day wages in factories complain that the cream is taken off their productiveness by others. But let them read and reflect—let them follow the subsequent history of the cream. Men run off with it in little pitchers, and empty it into large cans. Others run off with these cans and dump them into vats. But these vats never get filled, for other men have secretly laid pipes into them and pump away the contents as they choose—pump noiselessly and unknown until some day an earthquake heaves up the ground, exposes the pipes, and forces distinguished men to explain how it happens that they are bespattered with stolen cream, soaked, steeped in it, dripping a trail of it as they walk.

Simple-minded men whose hearts warm at old political slogans, who were born in a party and boast that they will die in it—what can they think as they read about those ten-dollar bills in the London election, and perceive that the whole fate and fame of their party was confided to the hands of men who composed the riff-raff of a city.

If money is to be the god of our idolatry, and if the acquisition of it is to be made the pursuit of us all, what fools men are who take off their coats and work! Observe Mr. Fowler, M.P., as he is revealed by the evidence produced before the Insurance Commission. How easily he piled up his thousands and tens of thousands, while the farmer toiled with his plow, while the mechanic wrought with his tools, and the merchant strove with his accounts! It was all pie for Mr. Fowler. He secured the right to sell a mill, he secured from others authority to buy the same mill. His right hand sold to his left. A property that business men, when acting for themselves, and using their own money, bought for \$40,000, was re-sold to the Union Trust Company, which was handling trust funds, for \$170,000, with \$42,000 additional for logs that were cut. In one deal, the evidence shows that a property that was bought at a price, was paid for by the Union Trust as if it had cost \$55,000 more than was actually the case. The authorities propose to learn exactly where this large lump of money went, and among whom it was sliced up. Money, money, money—honor, honesty, friendship, not worth a copper alongside money! Nobody seems to have got a square deal in these operations of high finance. The Insurance Commission learns not only that great slabs of cash were unwarrantably hoisted out of places of trust, but it causes revelations that sets one high financier glaring at another, as he realizes that he got "done brown" in a transaction that he thought had been one of his smartest strokes of business. They carve each other, these men in the higher walks of finance. They make huge gains, but no man can turn his back and trust another. Some of these hunters after soft snaps must feel humiliated by the small shares they got when so much was being dragged off into the lairs of other hyenas. Whatever else may result from the present exposures, we may rest assured that some people, next time a melon is cut, will pass up their plates for a larger helping.

No sensible person doubts that there was flagrant bribery in that London election. The evidence is too strong to be put aside, and some of the witnesses admit their part in it with much reluctance. Nor is there any use in saying that the prosecution has been timed so that the exposures will influence the bye-election in Elgin. Even were that true, what of it? If these rotten election practices were indulged in, the bye-election in Elgin ought to be influenced by the exposures that are taking place, and London workers are better in police court than in that constituency. It is foolish, too, to seek to discredit the confession of Jerry Collins, who gave the whole snap away, by showing that he is a bad man with a police court record. Whatever kind of man he is, that kind of man he was when the Liberals in London made use of him in the election of last year and appointed him a deputy returning officer. If his police court record is to tell against him now, it should have told against him then. The Jerry Collines of the country begin to cut altogether too big a figure in our politics. They sit in charge of too many ballot boxes. What have they to offer a political party except their unscrupulousness? They are without influence, intelligence, eloquence, ability. They can neither speak, sing, nor whistle a tune to help things along. They bring no money of their own in to the game; they get down wind, sniff, and scent money for miles. Wherever they assemble and show signs of content, you can be sure that there the barrel is, and that the head of it has been knocked in. For the money they get they have nothing to sell but dishonor, prison tricks, practices that discredit all concerned in a campaign, and which, when all is said and done, contribute very little to the election result. If some day there could be so complete an exposure of election bribery, that a full accounting could be had of all the funds entrusted to corruptionists, it would be learned, no doubt, that only one dollar in ten that was supposed to be spent in corrupting voters ever found its way out of the hands of the dark lantern brigade. But the men who entrust these fellows with money, cannot demand an accounting—in the box they deny having given them any money at all. Politicians over-estimate the usefulness of money in

an election. Much of that which is provided is not used at all. It is salted down by the handlers of it. But every man who does some of the handling and some of the salting, keeps up the chorus in the ears of the party leaders that money is what is wanted. It is what these men want every time. They want it, whether a constituency craves it or not. They get it, even if the constituency pants for it in vain. Politicians, also, quite over-estimate the value of the man with the sly wink, the hoarse, beery voice, the clove-laden breath, the momentous secret that he has to tell you in private. He is no good. If one politician on either side had sand enough to put him out on the street, both sides would be glad to do with him, and he would have nothing but his own vote to wreak vengeance with—for any stock-in-trade he possesses he gets from being allowed to rub shoulders with candidates, agents, and organizers, with whom he makes bystanders suppose he is on terms of mysterious intimacy. Men are lectured now and then to the tune that he only is a good citizen who interests himself in

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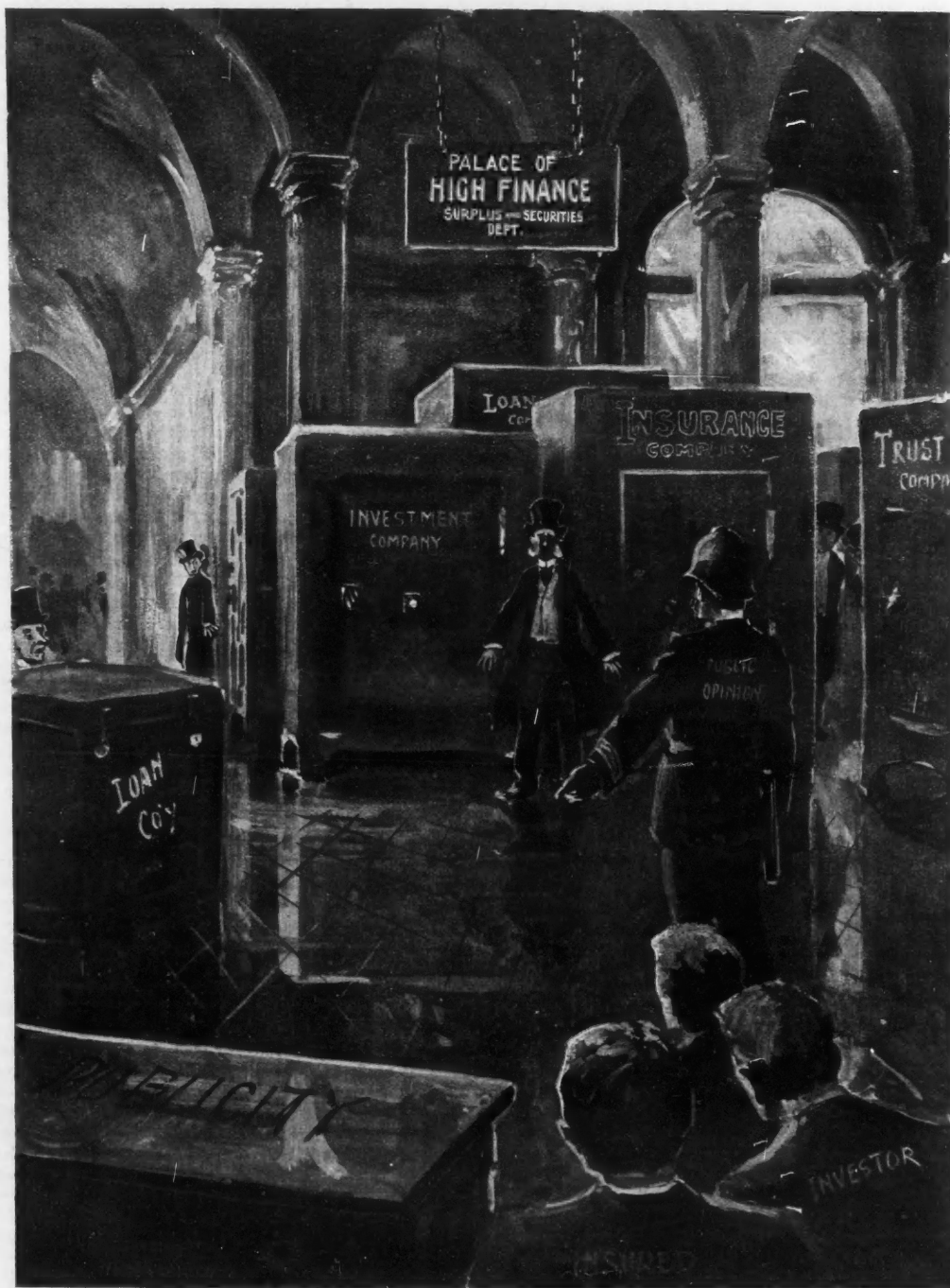
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quires into the use to which the money of the I.O.F. has been put, has been prosecuted with a vigor and directness most gratifying to all who want the truth brought out. Colonel Denison, too, cares nothing for party, and will humor himself in seeing that all possible facts are laid on the table before he lets the London case out of his sight.

A Conservative newspaper published down in Mr. Fowler's constituency suggests that Grit newspapers are making party capital out of the deals in which Mr. Fowler was engaged. Liberal papers make the charge that the London election scandal was "opened" in Toronto to serve a partizan purpose, and was so timed as to affect the Elgin election, and overshadow, as a newspaper sensation, the land deals of Conservative parliamentarians. Both these affairs are newspaper sensations. Both are sensational enough to surprise readers the country over. Honest readers and honest newspaper writers might very well overlook any possible partizanship in the exposure of anybody, and fix their gaze on the things exposed.

clares that proceedings will be taken to compel restitution of funds or shares. Sir John Boyd seems to have put up his own money out of his own pocket for stock in the Great West Land Company, and he seems to have been about the only one who did. He says in his statement that he never suspected but that the others were investing their own money, as he was doing. Had he known the true inwardness of the case, we are led to infer that he would have done something. What would he have done? Pulled out of the concern, or, denounced and overturned a plan of business that everybody denounces now that it has been publicly exposed? But he did not know what was going on in the companies he was with. When on the witness stand he was not subjected to an unkind cross-examination. As a witness, Sir John Boyd was treated with consideration by Mr. Shepley. There are witnesses whom lawyers treat with the utmost courtesy, as when Mr. Blake cross-examined Mr. Aylesworth in the Gamey case. Perhaps if our lawyers continue to have constant practice with distinguished members of their own profession in the box, they will ultimately acquire a milder manner. Their increasing practice with each other must in time have a moderating influence. However, Sir John Boyd was not a participant in objectionable proceedings, and it seems clear enough that he did not know what was taking place.

But why did Sir John Boyd not know? That was what he was there for. His presence on the directorate of the Union Trust Company was one of the chief guarantees offered to the public that the affairs of that organization would be conducted with the greatest care and propriety. His presence in the Great West Land Company would, wherever his name appeared, be accepted as giving a certificate of character to it and all its transactions. Yet the transactions between these two companies with which he was connected are now shown to have been such, that he finds it necessary to repudiate all knowledge of them, accompanied by the admission that he was remiss in his duties in not keeping a closer eye on what was being done. A name like that of Sir John Boyd is worth a good deal to a company. It is worth a good deal because people at large assume that the owner of the name would not invest his money in any but a profitable enterprise, that he would not lend his name to any shady undertaking, and that having lent his name and invested his money he would protect both against any kind of funny business. But Sir John Boyd seems to have acted just like the general run of directors, who, once satisfied that everything is all right, bother no more with details, take somebody's word for everything, insult nobody with suspicions, meet now and then to move, second, and adopt whatever cut and dried resolutions are placed in their hands. Since the Insurance investigation began, a dozen men have sworn that although they are on the minutes of one company or another as having moved certain resolutions, they have no recollection of having done so. Their denials are of no value whatever. Directors do not know what they "move." They make whatever "motions" the manager gets typewritten in advance, and puts in their hands. It is all among themselves, a family matter—until a Government commission begins nosing through the proceedings. The lesson of the whole thing is that directors ought to direct. When they do not do so they ought to be held culpable—just as deserving of blame for lending their names to wrong-doers as if they had lent a hand in wrong-doing.



## CONSTERNATION IN MARBLE HALLS

PUBLIC OPINION—Come now, all of yez, put yer securities, yer notes and the surpluses ye've been blowing about right here on the counter and let's see 'em. We want to count the money.

politics and does what he can to improve those conditions that he deplores; but what is there in politics to attract a decent man who, when he has busied himself to elect a worthy candidate and feels that he has succeeded, learns that not he, but influences that operated in the gutter, produced the triumph? Why should any man want to wade to Parliament through such a mire, or any party want to attain office so that thieves may get the jobs they bargained for?

MEN on the street will say anything. There was an idle rumor a month ago—it travelled far and wide—to the effect that some kind of a dicker would be made between the two political parties whereby Mr. Fielding's troubles in Nova Scotia would be saved off against Mr. Foster's troubles in Toronto. The story was to the effect that both these leading men were to be protected against exposure and worry. Nothing came of that. The story was discredited by the event. Yet street gossip, which respects nobody and believes in nothing, began saying that the Hyman election scandal and the financial exposures that prominent Conservative members of Parliament were finding very awkward, would be sawed off, side-tracked, and smothered. That even the idle gossip of the street could make it appear that such matters as these are open to dicker between rival political managers, is subject of regret. At no time could there have been any truth in these stories. The Insurance Commission is not answerable to any party organization, and the en-

The London election simply stinks. A group of Conservative members of Parliament were out after the stuff, some of them regardless of the methods. The country should accept no excuse for such an election as that held in London, nor trust much to public men so wolfishly "on the make" as some of Mr. Borden's lieutenants are shown to have been. Holding a seat so secured, what attitude on election methods can the country expect Hon. C. S. Hyman to take? Tangled up in such deals in railway lands and in trust moneys as were several prominent members of the Opposition, what attitude could the country expect these men to take when questions as to railway lands or trust funds were involved? The country should not leave her affairs in sticky hands. Newspapers that raise party cries and seek to arouse party prejudices, in connection with such matters as these, are choosing the side of bad citizenship.

SIR JOHN BOYD deemed it necessary, on two occasions, to ask permission from the Insurance Commission, to make statements explaining his connection with the dealings of the subsidiary companies of the Independent Order of Foresters—the Union Trust and the Great West Land Company. He desired to correct certain wrong impressions that might have gone abroad. There was nothing in the evidence produced that was injurious to Sir John Boyd in the sense that other men's reputations were injured. He had not done this, that, or the other thing complained of by Mr. Stevenson, for instance, who de-

FOR two or three years past there have been rumors to the effect that Toronto is to have a new daily paper. Sometimes it was Mr. Hearst who was going to start a yellow journal here and rouse Canada out of her sleep. Again, it was Lord Northcliffe, whose professional name is Harmsworth, who was going to teach journalism to this favored colony. At other times, rumor had it that the Conservative party, unable to purchase the *Mail and Empire* from the Riordans, and anxious to get that journal into the hands of a more docile generation of politicians, would put a new paper in the field. This story is again in circulation. Hearst and Harmsworth have lifted their shadows for the moment. A company has been incorporated to publish *The Daily Standard*, and on the street men say that the new paper may be issued before the end of the year. The published names of the provisional directors do not throw much light on the origin or purpose of the new paper, but men about town say that it is to be a straight Conservative organ with enough financial and political backing to ensure its success. In all North America there is probably not another city of Toronto's size with so many daily newspapers, and all doing well. This city has no large foreign population; it is surrounded by an extensive country populous with intelligent readers of English. Its papers are not overshadowed by the publications of any larger city, as is the case with Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland. Is there room for a seventh daily in Toronto? The subject is commended to debating societies. Only a debating society could decide such a question without spending a quarter or half million dollars to find out. A great change has revolutionized the daily newspaper business in the past fifteen or twenty years. When, shortly before that, Mr. W. F. Maclean started his paper, or, earlier still, when Mr. John Ross Robertson started his, it was possible for a man who understood the business and possessed ability, energy, and industry, to begin in a small way and rear, painfully but surely, a daily newspaper property. To-day that is no longer possible; a daily cannot grow, it must step into the field full-grown. It is the product of a great factory, crowded with expensive machinery, manned by high-priced experts. Large capital is called for; behind it must be a deep purse, not impatient for returns. If there be no virtue, as some contend, except in a one-man newspaper, we may rest assured that the daily paper of the future can be started or bought only by the capitalist and never by the mere journalist. We shall not again see a Maclean or a Robertson leave a reporter's desk with no capital but a lead pencil and a fund of ideas, and start a daily newspaper. The press plays a big game nowadays, and if a newcomer wants to sit in, he must plank a quarter of a million, at least, on the table. And the working journalist cannot save that



out of his pay as a reporter. Not at the present scale of wages.

One fact is indisputable. Politicians cannot conduct a newspaper. They tried it with the *Empire*, and failed; they may try it with ten other dailies in a row, and they will wreck them one after the other. A daily newspaper must be conducted by an expert, if it is to succeed. The man in charge must know his business, but above all things he must know that sure destruction awaits him if he trots at the heels of the politicians. He must use the science of editing known only to his craft. He must save a political leader from himself. He must be so situated that he can order any living man out of his office—if not, he is an effigy, a toy, a plaything, a failure. Every political trickster becomes his boss. Each low-browed schemer pulls the editor to his level, and the party is ruined by the very agency that ought to redeem it. The day of the "organ" has gone. The paper that will thrive is the one that strives always to deserve popular confidence.

A LADY missionary among the Indians of the far north reports a very disturbing belief that has taken possession of the tribes, and of which whites only occasionally can secure any particulars. They harbor the belief that a Messiah is to come who will annihilate the white race and restore to the aboriginal people their former supremacy over immense regions. Emissaries travel about, spreading this belief, and telling the tribes who have heard Christian teaching that when Jesus last came to earth the white men rejected him and put him to death, and that he is about to return and take just vengeance. Red men who spread this story warn all Indians that they must, if they would escape destruction along with the whites, reject all that white men have taught them, and revert in all things to the ancient customs of their people. When a tribe has been reached by the promoters of this belief, the story of the crucifixion, as told by zealous missionaries, seems to confirm it, for the red man can comprehend the spirit of vengeance more readily than he can grasp the idea of an all-forgiving love. Applying the teachings of our religion, these savages give it a twist and make it their own. They look for such a Messiah as was awaited by the Jews of old—One coming with a flaming sword, to uplift a chosen people and annihilate all other races. It is a curious perversion of the faith explained to them by the devoted missionaries who work among them. And yet, when these simple savages study the white man as they see him, when they observe his greed for gain, his contempt for his own teaching, the evil he sows wherever he passes through virgin wildernesses containing nothing fiercer than wild beasts, when they hear his fine preaching and die under his vile practice—need we be surprised that if they believe in God they refuse to regard him as on the white man's side? It has been said that from 1850 to 1875 almost one hundred thousand Indians were exterminated on the Pacific slopes of Canada by the sale to them by white men of poison disguised as whiskey. Pure liquor was bad enough where red men were concerned, but they got a fiery fluid that would have exterminated any race that consumed it. Whole tribes were poisoned for gain. The same traffic—not in liquor, but in poison—was carried on all over America, and still, but less daringly, pursues the remnants of its victims into their last refuge in the far north. Nor are we content with poisoning them. Those who will not take poison are otherwise debased, rotted and destroyed. A Toronto man who visited the far north tells me that at a Hudson's Bay post he found it to be the practice to extend credit unhesitatingly to any strange Indian who showed, neither by speech nor garb, any sign of association with white men, but to refuse credit to any strange Indian suspected of having come into touch with our civilization. What a triumph! Let us cast no aspersions on the missionaries. They represent not what the white race is, but what it ought to be.

There is one point that the missionaries must not overlook. If the Indians of the remote north expect a Messiah, a pretender will be almost sure to arise in course of time—some man half demented with zeal and ambition, and the warriors will follow this mad prophet in a holy war. This will be nothing new in the history of white men's dealings with native races. The strange belief that stirs some of the Indian tribes should excite more than curiosity. It should engender caution.

IT is astonishing how a sensational prosecution can dwindle down to almost nothing at all, after it has been set aside and allowed to grow cold. A few months ago all Canada was concerned in the inquiry into the affairs of the York Loan, and the doings of that company's president, Joseph Phillips, the proceedings ending for the time being by the sending of Phillips for trial on a charge of conspiracy. It will be remembered that his business methods were amazing. During the past week the grand jury has been considering his case, and the charge has been amended to theft, the indictment reading that the defendant, on or about December 30, 1905, unlawfully did steal the sum of \$2,500. No specific case is set forth, however, nor will the action proceed just now. It will go over to the December sessions. A great many people must be interested in this affair, and if at last Phillips gets a long term, the fact will be noted in these columns.

IN a letter to one of the Ottawa papers, Mr. J. Castelli Hopkins describes as "a piece of international impertinence" the suggestion made by President Roosevelt that Canada ought to have an attaché at the British Embassy at Washington, so that communications between Washington and Ottawa would not have to twice cross the Atlantic before reaching their destination. Mr. Hopkins feels convinced that the whole attitude of the people and Government of the United States is unfriendly to Canada, and we should be on our guard. Mr. Hopkins, however, is our great land defence against any encroachment from the neighboring republic. He never sleeps. His pen springs from its scabbard and drips ink at the slightest movement along the border. When he states that the Government at Washington has always been unfriendly to Canada, he can produce plenty of evidence in support of his statement; but every year that passes brings the peoples of the two countries to a better understanding of each other. Perhaps nobody views this with quite so much alarm as Mr. Hopkins. Why should not Canada have an attaché at Washington—a man to post and deliver official letters? The present arrangement by which, if Mr. Roosevelt wants to suggest to Sir Wilfrid Laurier that a joint commission be appointed to enquire into the fisheries of the St. Clair River, he must address the British Ambassador, who must forward the proposal to the Colonial Office in England, from whence it returns to the Governor-General, who conveys it to Sir Wilfrid, is too slow for the twentieth century. The system is absurd, so absurd that it is disregarded. In these days, the telegraph makes mock of all this ceremonial.

Two hours after President Roosevelt has committed his proposal to paper, and before the British Ambassador has received his letter, Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Ottawa is reading a newspaper despatch that carefully outlines the proposal. The Ottawa Government does not sit sucking its thumb for a month waiting for the official letter to saunter around the earth, but a decision is reached and action taken. In this matter, Canada is like a young miss at boarding-school, whose letters are opened and read by the lady in charge. Mr. Hopkins is opposed to all new-fangled political change, and would keep Canada in short skirts and pinnies all her life. He seems to be the last living Englishman who believes in the divine right of kings and all that it stands for.

MACK.

### Humors of Spelling and Speech.

ONE day this summer a party of Ontario people, bound for Quebec on pleasure bent, were sitting on the deck of an R. and O. steamer, enjoying the wonderful scenic beauties of the St. Lawrence. None of them had made the trip before, and none of them had any knowledge of the French language, so presently they began to discuss the prospect of becoming involved in linguistic troubles. "I haven't even the faintest idea of how you pronounce the name of the hotel we are going to stay at in Montreal," said one of the ladies. They had arranged to spend a day or two at the Place Viger. One of the young men of the party, who had been in Montreal, volunteered enlightenment on the subject. Further down the river, however, the steamer was boarded by representatives of the big Montreal hostilities, booking accommodation for tourists. On the tongue of the Place Viger man the name received a twist that, once heard, caused the party to vote their would-be cicerone a fraud, and they set to work practising the articulation of the words all over again. By the time they had spent a few days in Quebec, however, they gave up attempts at pronunciation altogether, and, at the Chateau Frontenac, contented themselves with pointing out the French-named dishes on the menu, and saying, "I'll have some of this, a little of that," etc. During the trip they became firm advocates of phonetic spelling—of French. Yet, strangely enough, the party themselves, with scarcely an exception, possessed names the spelling of which would suggest almost any pronunciation but that given to them.

The great difficulty in the path of the spelling reformer lies in the fact that, no matter how a word may be spelled, all the people will not pronounce it the same way.

When the Oddfellows' parade was in progress here, a couple of weeks ago, a group of young girls, standing on the inner fringe of the crowd in Yonge street, made audible note of each delegation as it appeared. A line of cabs, bearing representatives from each province of the Dominion, and each State of the Union, came along. "Maryland," "Illinois," "Colorado," they commented, phonetically. Some of the delegates heard and smiled, but when the Arkansas cab passed and the girls read out the name, one of the occupants pulled off his broad-brimmed hat, took aim at the girls with his arm as if it were an Arkansas gun, and shot along it, "Arkansas, Arkansas!" Now few place names in the United States lend themselves more readily to easy and uniform pronunciation than Arkansas, yet the natives insist on calling it "Arkansaw." What does President Roosevelt propose to do in such cases?

Everyone can recall incidents that show how slight is the hope of having all people pronounce any word alike. I remember myself the case of a boy who lost a position because his pronunciation was too correct. This young fellow, who lived in a small Ontario town, secured employment with a merchant in a neighboring village. He was a bright lad, and a few days after his arrival his employer called him in to help him in checking over a list of accounts. He started to call off the names. "Buie," he called, giving the "u" its proper sound. The "old man" looked a trifle annoyed. "Boo-ie, the man's name is," he said. "Go on." After some Smiths and Browns came Sinclair, which, if pronounced as written, has a fine patrician sound. These Sinclairs were not patricians, however. Neither was the old merchant. "Sink-ler, Sink-ler," he growled. Then followed Cahill, which the boy read off, accenting the last syllable. This was too much. "Jumpin' Judas Priest!" exclaimed the "boss," "if you called old Tom Ca-a-l 'Cahill' he'd eat you up! I'll finish this myself." The next day he told the head clerk: "Pay off that new kid at the end of the month. He's too high-toned for this part of the country."

Proper names all over the world are very largely given pronunciations that are based on local usage, and quite regardless of their spelling or the orthographical peculiarities of the language or languages from which they are derived.

I remember down at the St. Louis Exposition hearing a citizen of that city remark with great emphasis: "Say, if there's anything we want to get you northerners down here for, it's to knock into your heads with a club that the name of this town isn't 'Sent Loo-ie,' it's 'Saint Loo-ee.'"



THE NU SPELLING.

Indignant Bluejacket to Paymaster (who has found fault with his orthography)—Well, sir, if b-l-o-x don't spell blocks, might I ask what it do spell?—Taiter.

is." Yet, while the St. Louis people do not approve of the French pronunciation of this French name, it is the greatest pride of Californians to give the correct Spanish accent to Los Angeles, San Jose, etc.

Referring to the subject of spelling reform, the San Francisco *Argonaut* points out that one of the chief drawbacks to following phonetic spelling in English is that our letters have absolutely no sound values at all. "Not long ago," says the *Argonaut*, "a very eminent man used the word 'ay' (meaning 'ever') and rhymed it with 'sky.' He had been using the English language for half a century, yet did not know how those two vowels were pronounced. These facts may give some idea of the difficulties in the way of making English a phonetic language. But probably President Roosevelt did not think, when he advocated spelling reform, that we should first need a new alphabet as well as a new way of spelling."

This excellent paper draws attention to the fact that it is about impossible to indicate shades of sound-values without the use of accents. "In happier days," it remarks, "the *Argonaut* had the habit of using accents in its pages. While its diacritical accents doubtless gratified the critical, they caused trouble at times in the composing room. Not infrequently some linotype Adonis, breathing cigarette perfume from his curly locks, would with his lily fingers tap our keys, and take our sesterces for an 'extra shift.' Sometimes such a young man, gazing at his 'copy' in mingled terror and indignation, would cry to the foreman: 'Get on to the left-handed fly-speck e's! Do them things go?' When assured that they did, such a stranger would frequently, without further words, put on his coat and depart instantaneously."

It is not only with proper names that difficulties arise to baffle the would-be spelling reformers. Hundreds of the most common of common nouns are variously pronounced. To quote the *Argonaut* again:

"Probably the most common noun in America is 'girl.' Let us not be misunderstood. By this we do not mean to underrate the American girl, or to imply that she is of the common or garden variety, but rather to insinuate delicately that she is of the rosebud garden of girls; hence, being ever in the mind and frequently on the lips of the youth of America, she is the most common noun. Yet she is pronounced 'gairl' on the stage, 'goil' by Chimie Fadden, 'guh' by people who cannot sound the 'r,' and 'gu-r-r-l' in the vigorous and bounding West, where people have the courage of their 'r.' How would President Roosevelt spell 'girl' under his reformed spelling ideas, when this marked difference of opinion about girls exists among the people?"

The most sanguine spelling reformer could scarcely expect all the dwellers in certain Toronto streets—Jarvis, for instance—to pronounce them identically. The word Jarvis looks almost as if it had been passed by the simplified spelling board. Yet it is "Jarvis" to the north and "Jarvis" to the south. Nine-tenths of the people, including persons in authority like street-car conductors, refuse to pronounce "Spadina" in the same way as "concertina." But greatly as our pronunciations of place names vary, still greater is our confusion when we come to the accentuation of such teasingly simple words as "tomato." What we pray for, seemingly, is relief not from the inconsistencies of our spelling, but from our dialectal difficulties.

HAL.

### Engineer Blaine's Heroism.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT.—I see in the SATURDAY NIGHT of September 29, your article on the heroism of Engineer Blaine, in the Napanee accident. I may say that I was a passenger on the eastbound train, and beg to say that there were not many injured; on the contrary, only two were hurt, and they but very slightly. It seems to me that this adds a great deal to the glory of the name of Engineer Blaine. Yours truly, Berthier-en-haut, P.Q. LANGTON GILBERT.

### Millions Wasted in Apples.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT.—Allow me to compliment you on the apple crusade you have started in SATURDAY NIGHT. It is a subject which has appealed to me very strongly for a number of years, and in a humble way I have referred to it frequently in the newspaper. I spent five years (1890-95) in the County of Grey, which, as no doubt you know, is a very fine apple country. What I saw there in the way of wasted apples astonished me. Tons and tons of orchard culls were left to rot when they might have been evaporated or made into cider with great financial profit to Canada. The day will certainly come when all these low-grade apples will be utilized, and the sooner the better. Canada does not really know what thrift means: we live in fatted peace, but of all our extravagances I don't believe there is a greater one than the way in which we treat our apple crop. Go ahead with your apple campaign. You can do an immense deal of good in this respect. Sincerely yours, Brockville, Sept. 30. A. T. WILGESS.

Rev. W. H. Hincks, L.L.B., of Parkdale, preached last Sunday to the children of the Trinity Methodist Sunday School. His text was: "As the apple among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons" (Solomon's Song, II, 3). His main theme was "protect the blossoms." In speaking of the great value and importance of the apple to the people of this country, he referred to the article entitled "One of Canada's Great Follies," that appeared in last week's TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, "which paper, by the way," the preacher said, "has been very much improved of late." Mr. Hincks is apparently an up-to-date preacher, and knows good reading as he knows good fruit.

H. M. Patterson, newsdealer, Stratford, writes us as follows: "You are putting out a very fine paper. As our customers say, the outside page is worth the price."

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## Social and Personal

Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn is sailing by the *Canada* for England, where she will spend the winter. Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick, King's Own Yorkshire Regiment, is now stationed at Sheffield.

Dr. Warren has rented "Closeburn" for the winter, during the absence of its *châtelaine*, and with his family will take up residence there the latter part of this month.

Miss Rachel Gwyn of Dundas has been in town, stopping at her uncle, Judge Osler's, and making arrangements for her recital at the Conservatory Music Hall next Thursday. Mr. Pigott is managing the recital with his usual judgment and skill.



MISS RACHEL GWYN.

Miss Rachel Gwyn has a clear and delightful soprano voice and excels in ballad singing. She studied with Sir George Power in London, and latterly with Victor Maurel. During her fourteen months' stay abroad she had a month in Italy, and returned to Canada last July. Before going abroad, Miss Gwyn was one of Steele's most advanced pupils in Hamilton, and also studied with Signor Minetti at the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore. She is now at her home in Dundas with her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Gwyn.

Her Toronto friends are glad to have an opportunity to note her progress next week, and recall with pleasure her beautiful singing at her cousin's, Miss Francis', wedding last August. Incidentally, I might mention that Miss Gwyn gives glowing accounts of the success in London of a girl very popular here and in the West, Miss Edith J. Miller.

Miss Estelle M. Kerr is at home in her new studio, 36 1/2 King street east, to-day and every day next week, from ten to four o'clock. Fifty-four works of her facile pencil and brush are on exhibition, including French and Dutch scenes, portraits, and types of other lands. As the work of an ardent student, Canadian-born, they are of special interest.

Mrs. Duncan Donald will receive next Monday and Tuesday at her pretty home in Elm avenue, and on the first Monday and Tuesday of each month during the season.

Lady Meredith is in Montreal, on her way home from the seaside, and is, I believe, expected in town to-day.

Mrs. Edward Burns, nee Wilkinson, will hold her postnuptial reception next Thursday afternoon, October 11th, at her residence, 21 Spadina road.

Mrs. Kingdon of New York is visiting relatives in Brunswick avenue. Mrs. Keating and her daughters have arrived from England by the *Lake Manitoba*. Bishop and Mrs. Stringer arrived in town from Selkirk this week.

Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn has gone to Montreal to meet Mrs. Cockburn, who is coming on the *Victorian* from England, and both will probably return to Toronto tomorrow.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins and Miss Annie Beatrice Bonner were married on Tuesday and left for Montreal and Quebec for their honeymoon. They will reside on their return at 21 Howland avenue.

Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt came into town for the winter this week, and are now at their residence in Sherbourne street. Casa Loma has been ideal these fine days and nights, and its master and mistress and their friends have enjoyed it greatly.

Last Friday the Tournament closing tea at the Toronto Golf Club was very smartly attended, and Miss Thompson was warmly congratulated on gaining the championship. Miss Campbell of Carbrook was hostess, and Miss Boulton assisted. Among the many present at the close of the tournament, and afterwards at the tea, were: Mrs. Allen Cassels, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. Leighton McCarthy, Mrs. C. MacInnes, Mrs. W. Ince, Mrs. Hollway, Mrs. E. O. Bickford, Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald, Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft, Miss Amy Munroe, Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Miss McLean Howard, Miss Wallbridge, Mrs. Sweeney of Rohalton, Mrs. Charles Selwyn, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Mortimer Bogert, and Mrs. Temple Blackwood.

The Lambton Golf Club saw a gay gathering on Tuesday, when Mrs. Austin of "Spadina," assisted by Miss Adele Austin, gave a charming tea, at which the spirit of the country was well carried out in decorations of wild flowers and autumn foliage. A few of the smart people who took tea with Mrs. Austin were: Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Sydney Greene, Mrs. Joe Beatty, Mrs. Hartley Dewar, Mrs. E. S. Cox, and Miss Cox, Mrs. Sweeney, Miss Cooke, Mrs. and the Misses Matthews and Miss White of Memphis, Miss Fiskin and Miss Wood, Miss B. Myles, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, the Misses MacArthur, Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mrs. Charles Selwyn. The visiting golfers and some English tourists were made much of by everyone.

Mrs. Laurence Buchan came up on Tuesday from Montreal, and is stopping at the Queen's.

Dr. Frederic Nicolai is giving a 'cello recital in Conservatory Music Hall next Friday evening, October 12, assisted by three well-established favorites, Mrs. McLean Dilworth, who will sing five beautiful songs; Mr. Corner, who will play the violin, and Mrs. Coward, a finished accompanist. Dr. Nicolai plays the 'cello with great skill and beautiful expression, and as it seems very rarely we

have a chance to hear that noble instrument, music lovers should get together for this treat. A Strauss sonata, a Polonaise by Chopin, an Elegie by Gillet, a Chanson Neapolitaine by Casella, and the ever-popular Popper Tarantelle are Dr. Nicolai's selections.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wood have arrived in town, and are going to reside in the family home near the corner of Bloor and Church streets. Several festive gatherings have been arranged in their honor. Yesterday Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick gave a tea at her home in Rusholm road, at which Mrs. Wood was guest of honor, and on Tuesday next a tea at Thistledale will give more friends the opportunity of meeting the newcomer.

The party of English tourists who have been so welcome in Toronto included three ladies and six men, Mrs. Smith, Miss Forneaux, and Miss Rydon, and Mr. Chamberlain (a nephew of Hon. Joe), Mr. Lygon, a relative of Lady Mary Lygon, and three Messrs. Smith. All of the gentlemen turned up in good time at Closeburn on Tuesday, one of the ladies was ill at her hotel, and the other two were detained until late by a motor contretemps. Lady Kirkpatrick had asked mostly the Toronto people who know the Williams family of Port Hope, one of the strangers being closely related to that well-known family, and not more than fifty guests were at the tea, which was hastily arranged the day before by telephone.

At the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, on Wednesday, 26th ult., the marriage of Miss Margaret Elizabeth McKendry and Dr. Wallace Secombe was solemnized, the Rev. Mr. Bowles, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, being the officiating clergy. The church was beautifully decorated with autumn flowers and masses of ferns and tall palms, the galleries being crowded with spectators to witness the marriage of the popular young bride. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. J. N. McKendry, and wore a very beautiful Paris dress of white embroidered chiffon mounted on draperies of tulle over satin; a small wreath of orange blossoms was becomingly arranged under a long veil; the bouquet was of white roses; a necklace and pendant of diamonds and pearls, with ring to match, was the gift of the groom. The maid of honor, Miss Lear, and the bridesmaids, Miss Ogden and Miss Nora Hamilton, wore dresses of turquoise blue crepe de Paris over taffeta, picture hats of blue velvet with cache-peigne of rich red roses, their bouquets being of deep shaded roses also. Miss Lola Laughlin as flower girl wore a frock of white point d'esprit and carried carnations and lilies. The best man was Mr. Lorne Sinclair, the ushers Mr. W. Ogden, Mr. Cecil Moore, Mr. Wallace Barrett, and Mr. Fred Hanson of Montreal. Mr. Blakely played the wedding music, and Miss Irene Hanson, an intimate friend of the bride, sang the solo, *My Best Beloved*. After the ceremony, the guests adjourned to the residence of the bride's parents in Sherbourne street, where a reception was held in rooms embowered in roses and palms. After the dejeuner Dr. and Mrs. Secombe left for New York, the bride's going-away dress being of navy blue cloth, and the toque of blue velvet with a touch of green. Mrs. McKendry, mother of the bride, wore a beautiful dress of black chiffon velvet, with lace and jet; black and white hat with long Paradise plume. Mrs. Secombe, mother of the groom, was also in black and white lace and silk. After their return Dr. and Mrs. Secombe will reside in Sherbourne street.

Miss Essie Hogsett, who has been the guest of Miss Lottie Clarke, Avenue road, for the summer, has returned to her home in Uniontown, Pa.

Mr. Raymond A. Dickson of Toronto was married to Miss Walker of Fall River, Mass., on Monday, September 24. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson have taken up residence at 9 Selby avenue.

Mr. John A. Ewan, of the *Globe*, who has been ill for the past two months, has greatly improved, and left on Wednesday to take the baths at Mt. Clemens.

Sir Alwroth Wright and his son, Mr. Jack Wright, have been the guests of Hon. George W. Ross and Dr. George W. Ross at Elmsley place during their stay in Toronto. Sir Alwroth, his son, and Dr. Ross leave this week for New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other American cities.

Mrs. H. E. Smallpeice of Dunn avenue, Mrs. Beverley Greig Marshall, and her little son, are at Preston Springs, staying at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. T. B. Taylor and the Misses Taylor returned from Hotel Kress, Preston, on Thursday.

Miss F. Edith Hill, of the Pennsylvania Hospital, is spending a few weeks' vacation at her home in Home-wood avenue.

Mrs. J. Greig Marshall (nee Greenwood) will hold her postnuptial reception on the afternoon of Thursday, October 11, at her home, 111 Delaware avenue, and will be at home the first and second Tuesdays of each month.

As Liberal candidate for South Perth, in the last general elections, now Hon. Mr. Justice Mabee was instrumental in securing for Stratford the fine new armories now nearing completion, and of which the worthy military devotee, Colonel Moscript, and his colleagues, as well as the citizens of that thriving little city, are so justly proud. During the autumn, sometime, the splendid buildings are to be opened with a very smart ball, preparations for which are already under way.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson, Erindale, on Wednesday, October 3, when their eldest daughter, Miss Olive Cecilia Wilson, was married to Mr. S. A. Sylvester of Toronto. Miss Nina Fischer acted as bridesmaid, and Dr. C. A. Kennedy was groomsmen. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Alex. Esler of Cooke's Church, Toronto.

Mr. Percy Scholfield has rented Mr. Ellwood Moore's house in Elm avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. Scholfield are now residing there.

The engagement of Miss Jessie Isabella McCall of Simcoe and Mr. Stanley Orton Laing of Montreal, is announced. The marriage will take place in Trinity Church, Simcoe, October 24.



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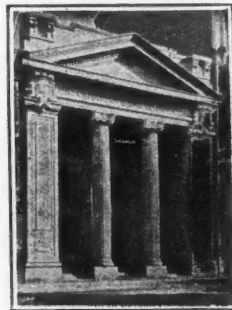
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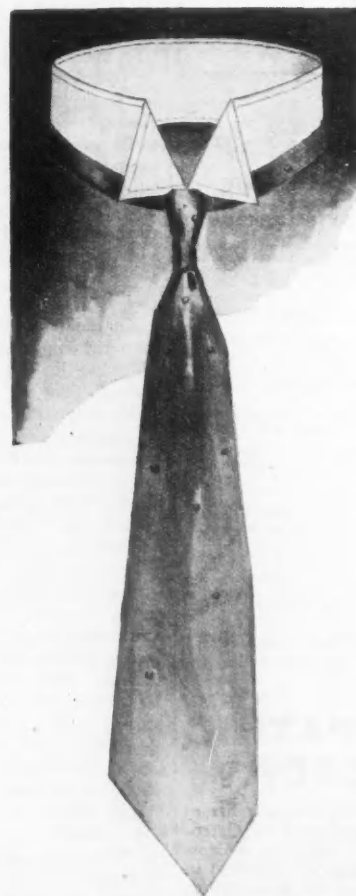
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King Edward Hotel, Toronto



## THE "REGENT" SCARF AND "ARGONAUT" COLLAR

In the illustration we beg to present a new form of "Sailors Knot" which we have just placed on sale. It is more English than American in style, being smaller in the knot and more closely drawn in the tying. The apron of the Scarf graduates and is a trifle broader than the usual form. The silks used are especially made for us in our own designs and colorings, and can be bought only at our shop.

The "Argonaut" Collar, also shown in the drawing is designed for business and semi-dress, and goes well with form of tie shown. It is of conservative cut and when worn so that it fits closely looks well on most men.

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Hubert O. Jaquith, Confed. Life Bldg.  
J. B. Back, 7th Temple Bldg.  
Mrs. Adalyn K. Pigott, 102 Bloor St. East.  
Georgene W. A. Cook, 188 College St.  
P. P. Millard, D. O., 111 Confederation Life Building.

### NOTES FROM NEW YORK

HERE is nothing left for the political prophets to do but to explain why their predictions failed. Fortunately the Republicans (though they wavered once) carried out the programme assigned to them, and their nomination of Charles E. Hughes fulfills the most sanguine expectations. They arose to their opportunities valiantly, showing themselves, in one stroke, superior to petty politics and petty political grafters. For Mr. Hughes is not, and could not be, the candidate of the small fry politician. His acceptance of the nomination "without other pledge than to do my duty according to my conscience," is characteristic, and serves due notice on the ordinary hand-roller that he need look for no favor at his hands. Other less virtuous influences combined, it is true, to accomplish this desirable result—the President's "big stick" was flourished, for one thing, and Hearst, looming large in the opposite sky, made the choice of a strong and independent candidate imperative. In a three-cornered fight any Republican might win, but with Hearst endorsed by the Democrats that situation could not be realized.

The Buffalo convention, on the other hand, was controlled by the worst elements in the Democratic party; and predictions failed first through lack of organization in the anti-Hearst forces, and second through a miscalculation of both the strength and the political depravity of their opponents. There was no miscalculation of public sentiment in the forecast—the primaries had expressed that unmistakably—but that any section of the convention would so flagrantly defy this sentiment, using thugery and treachery to stifle its expression, was never taken into account. The Democratic party was simply sold out, and Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, dictated the terms of sale.

The direct consideration is not known, but the indirect is a free hand in New York county. Hearst, we know, held over the Tammany chieftain's head the prospect of a contest in every Assembly district in the city, and that meant, of course, a Republican sweep of Tammany's stronghold. And when you come to think it over, as a mere business proposition, just as Murphy did, what a shrewd bargain Murphy made. Tammany is assured its own Assemblymen, and Hearst—well, what if he should miss the Governorship? And at this moment it seems incredible that he can ever be elected. Jerome has bolted in favor of Hughes, Mayor McClellan refuses to support him, and up the State at least a dozen Democratic newspapers and leaders have declared their independence.

Hughes' nomination, on the other hand, has thrilled his own party, and his political independence will make it easy for Democrats to rally to his standard.

The mayoralty contest of last year, with its sensational land slide for Hearst, offers no criterion in the present situation, for, as the primaries showed, there has been a wonderful falling off in Hearst sentiment hereabout. At that time, too, there was Jerome to make the breaches in the walls of their common enemy, which the strategic Hearst knew how to use to his advantage. This year Jerome will bring all his forces to bear against Hearst and in favor of Hughes. And most important of all, public opinion, thanks to the Buffalo hold-up, seems thoroughly aroused to the seriousness of the situation. A year ago his humor was amiable and people said "Let's vote for Hearst and see the fun," just as Toronto electors one time voted for poor E. A. Macdonald "to see the fun."

Under all the circumstances, the action of the Buffalo convention is perhaps fortunate. The issue will be a straight one, and the result a test of the relative strength not of two men, nor of two parties, but of two principles in public life.

In the *Evening Telegram* the other day there appeared the following, without comment:

"Belleville, Ontario.

"To the Editor of the *Evening Telegram*:

"Some weeks ago I made application as correspondent for your paper in this city, but up to present day have received no reply regarding the matter, and am at a loss to know why I haven't at least received an acknowledgment of the letter. In case you didn't receive the former letter, I shall give you my reasons for making application. I am employed in the Post Office, having charge of all theatrical mails, and am in a position to keep in touch with them. I remain, yours very respectfully,

"FRED W. SPRAGUE."

In theatrical circles, this coming week will usher in the most important event of the present season, one for which we have all been waiting, the visit of Mr. H. B. Irving. That the son will be measured, fairly or unfairly, by the standards of his own distinguished sire, goes without saying, and to a certain extent he challenges this comparison by including in his repertoire some of the roles that made Sir Henry famous. One cannot foretell the mood of a New York audience—its fickleness is proverbial—but it is to be hoped that the distinguished visitor will be cordially welcomed and strike a note of public approbation. The stage at this moment needs some strong, steady influence not yet to hand, toward which public sentiment may safely gravitate. Stephen Phillips' poetic version of *Paola and Francesca* inaugurates the Irving season, and that is additional reason for asking success. Miss Dorothea Baird, who is in private life Mrs. H. B. Irving, is her husband's leading lady in the present tour.

Another announcement for the week that has a particular interest for Canadians, is that of the joint appearance, in Broadway, of Miss Margaret Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller in Prof. William Vaughan Moody's *The Great Divide*. A short preliminary tour preparatory to the New York opening, has brought forth most favorable comment, both of Mr. Moody's play and of the work of the two principals.

Miss Eleanor Robson will also begin a New York season in Israel Zangwill's comedy, *Nurse Marjorie*. Other announcements for the week are Nat Goodwin in a farce comedy, *The Genius*; Thomas W. Ross in Cohan's *Popularity*; a journalistic venture, *The Stolen Story*, and—Mrs. Langtry in a one-act tragedy, *Between Nightfall and Light*, in a vaudeville theatre.

An experience of the past week—and not an isolated one, unfortunately—has prompted a word or two on behalf of the theatrical manager, who, I think, is too often ead up to public execration as a Philistine and destroyer of art for his own selfish ends. His answer that he is merely giving the public what it wants seems only to aggravate his offence in the sight of certain sanguine souls, who, careless of facts, imagine that all the theatrical pro-

vider has to do is to ring up the curtain on beauty and truth (and Shakespeare) and a millennium will follow. This ought to be true, but unfortunately it is not. And perhaps, if more energy were bent on making it true and less on preaching that it is, some results might follow. The dramatic art is as exclusive and difficult of understanding as any other art, and its appreciation is neither more nor less instinctive than an appreciation of poetry or a picture. It is unnecessary even to ask how far the average audience fulfills these conditions. It is even a question if the average playgoer cares about acting at all.

The experience refers to Mr. Lawrence's production of *John Hudson's Wife*, now running at Weber's Theatre. In the first place, the little play, ignoring an obvious defect or two, is one of the best in point of construction and in point of dramatic interest, that we have had this season. In the second place, it is exceptionally well acted by a thoroughly capable and sympathetic cast, headed by Mr. William Hawtreys and Miss Hilda Spong. In the somewhat serious role of the wife, Miss Spong is perhaps less congenially placed than in a straight comedy part, but she invariably rings true, even in the strongest scenes, while the occasional touches of comedy are most happy and charming.

Of Mr. Hawtreys' characterization of the decadent, perfidious Colonel Beauchamp, one can hardly speak too highly. It reaches the point of real distinction, and the last scene resulting in his exposure, when he literally goes to pieces, and stumbles out of the room a moral and physical wreck, is the most impressive piece of acting I have seen this year. His facial expression alone in this scene touches the point of genius. Mr. Lionel Walsh, as the bland son and pal of his father, is also quite perfect. And yet, in spite of all this unusually fine acting, *John Hudson's Wife* is playing to half-filled houses.

The following night I happened in at Daly's Theatre, immediately next door, where Marie Cahill is starring in *Marrying Mary*, and the house was crowded. Now we all love plain Marie Cahill, with her little stub nose, her smiling, good-natured face, her wholesome love of fun, and her very genuine sense of humor. Perhaps we love her the more because God has favored her so little, for she has neither voice, figure, nor looks. *Marrying Mary*, too, which was written for Miss Cahill, and fits her like her own well-made corsets, is a bright, entertaining, harmless, little sketch, interpolated with catchy songs, gems of wit, and sprightly dancing. The general effect of the entertainment is a most pleasurable relaxation.

But viewing both for the moment, is it any wonder that theatrical managers sometimes grow weary of putting conscience into their work?

An account of the lovely production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with which the New Astor Theatre has been inaugurated, must be left for another time. From a pictorial standpoint, perhaps, it is the most beautiful production of this piece yet seen on a New York stage. Unfortunately, the acting is hardly worthy of so beautiful setting, though that also may be improved in time.

J. E. W.

A practical memorial to a great woman is to be found at the little Italian town of Asolo. It is a school for the making of lace, and was built by Barrett Browning, in memory of his mother, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. "As seen from the tiny town square," writes a correspondent of the *Craftsman*, "the most striking feature is its splendid windows. These are grouped along the whole front of the house on the upper main floor and have boxes of flowers ranged along the base of them, accentuating their pleasantness. Entering, one finds spacious rooms, numbers of small chairs, and for the rest simplicity. Outdoors again we discover just below the window line and slightly above the doorway itself, the unpretentious rural tablet to Elizabeth Barrett Browning. At the corner to the right stands a little fountain, and here at almost any time of day some picturesque peasant may be seen filling her pail or halting for a chat. To our New World clumsiness the deftness of the tiny fingers of the little lace makers was of the nature of magic. When told that many of the patterns had religious names, here an Ave and there a Paternoster, we were almost persuaded to believe in miracles, so marvellously intricate and delicate were the designs.

In some of the reigning houses of the Old World monarchy is a burden upon the taxpayer, as, for instance, in Belgium, Sweden, Roumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece, but in England, Germany, Austria, and Italy the income of the sovereign and of the members of his family is either derived directly from the crown lands, or is defrayed thereby indirectly; as, for instance, in Great Britain. In fact, neither King Edward nor the princes or princesses of his house cost the English taxpayer a single cent, and Professor Masterman was perfectly justified in declaring the other day at Cambridge that "John Bull got his monarchy below cost, and even made a profit on it."



THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Extract from Lady Toppacc's letter to her cousin.—  
"My dearest Gladys,—When that wretched doctor of mine ordered 'the simple life' for my nerves I had no idea it would be so endurable as it really is."—Taller.

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**Declaration of Dividend**  
British Columbia Packers  
Association.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 7 per cent has been declared on the preferred stock of the above association, covering the period 20th November, 1905, to 20th November, 1906, payable 20th November next; and that the transfer books of the Association will be closed from the 10th to the 20th November, 1906, both days inclusive.  
Dated at Toronto the 25th day of September, 1906.

ARMILUS JARVIS,  
Vice-President

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"I am afraid, madam," said a gentleman who was looking for country lodgings, "that the house is too near the station to be pleasant."  
"It is a little noisy," assented the landlady, "but from the front verandah one has such a fine view of people who miss the trains."—"Tit-Bits."

## TORONTO THE INVESTOR MONTREAL



MR. D. R. WILKIE,  
President and General  
Manager, Imperial Bank.

THE lack of official information from the Bank of British North America regarding its missing teller, J. S. Cather, and the romances which have been woven about that individual by enterprising newspaper men, has been one of the sensations of the fortnight. Operated on old-fashioned, conservative English lines, the manager's office of the Bank of British North America is, to say the least, not a productive field for the newsgatherers. A cold storage or a cemetery vault radiates sunshine in comparison with the office of H. Stikeman, general manager; while an audience with the Czar of all the Russias would be relatively easy. At least this is the opinion of those who have been obliged to interview that gentleman at the command of their city editors. "Don't you dare publish anything," was about the best the writers obtained, and thereupon they did write—columns at that—respecting this man Cather, who has gambled away and run off with numerous thousands of the bank's money, and who is now a fugitive from justice. It would have been so easy for the management to have given out an official statement embodying the facts. The bank would have escaped columns of unpleasant notoriety, and the public would have had the true story.

Years ago, when Mr. George Hague was general manager of the Merchants' Bank of Canada, an interesting and in some ways similar case arose, though it involved a larger sum. This trusted employee of the Merchants was short upward of a hundred thousand in his accounts. Some extremely important information respecting the crime came the way of a newspaper man employed on one of the Montreal dailies. The story was written in all its details. It included the story of how one of the officials of the bank had gone down to court and sworn out a warrant for the young clerk, and a few days later had gone back and sworn to a declaration that he had been mistaken, as it had been found that the clerk had not been a defaulter at all. The newspaper could not at the time give the interesting sequel to the story, as that came out many months later. The fact was that an arrangement had been reached between the defaulter's family and the bank. A large sum of money was paid over, but a still larger sum was represented by notes. When these notes became due, the bank endeavored to realize. They were met with a contemptuous refusal on the part of signers and endorsers. The bank went so far as to entrust the matter to a lawyer for collection. The legal gentleman, when he heard from the other side, advised the bank to swallow its ire and stand the loss. The young clerk pleaded that he owed nothing in the first place, as was shown by a sworn declaration of a bank official on file in the criminal court in withdrawing the prosecution. To rub it in still further, he set forth that if he did owe such sums as represented by the notes, it meant simply that the bank officials, from the executive down, had been concerned in compounding a felony. He was perfectly willing to meet them on that ground, too, and so the bank had no choice but to grin and bear the loss.

The story was put in type, and the writer started out for the general offices of the Merchants. No, the general manager would not even give the man an audience. That afternoon the story, involving many points which would have been of the greatest importance and aid to the bank had they known them at the earliest possible moment, was published, and that, too, without the bank's side being presented. Too late, Mr. Hague realized that he had made a mistake, and when he climbed the stairs of that newspaper office, well on in the afternoon, the presses had started and the damage already done.

The Bank of Montreal, venerable in the point of years, is nothing if not progressive. After completing the finest banking house on the continent, the management has now resolved to expend a bit of the bank's surplus on a club house for their employees. The building, to be erected on Peel street, in this city, will include a banking house, specially adapted for women's use—whatever that may mean—while above numerous floors will contain all the requisites of a finely appointed club, including sleeping quarters for such of their bachelor clerks as are to take advantage of the same. The management promises one of the finest structures possible, and it is safe to predict that the bank's annual statement will not show a cent of the expenditure, the real estate account remaining at the same old \$600,000.

It is strange how the Montreal Stock market follows along, year after year, the lead of a single man, Mr. Rodolphe Forget. During the summer Mr. Forget has a mind to play a greater portion of the time—a fortunate thing, for he lives under high pressure during his working months. Then the stock market drags along, without life or incentive. Back he comes, filled with buoyant thoughts for the future. "Too much Wall Street, to the neglect of our own market. Why, we have a dozen financial bargains to their one," he remarks with a cheerful ring to his voice. Every broker on the Street agrees with him, but not one of them ever thought to say so. It is a fortunate thing for these brokers that Mr. Forget is not so enamored with his beautiful home at St. Irene, its fourteen thousand dollar chicken coop, and all the rest—as to stay there the year round, else they would stand an excellent chance of either starving to death or launching into other businesses. He is the man who makes the market, and they all follow along. Forget never scored a serious loss that anyone has a record of—dealings in western mining stock excepted—the consequence being that he has become well-nigh infallible on the local market.

THERE is little or no change in the monetary situation. The supply of funds is not sufficient to admit of any activity in securities, and the business on the local Stock Exchange remains quiet, the dealings being far below those at the corresponding period of last year. While this is true of speculative business, there is a moderate amount of investment purchases, and the supply of floating securities of a gilt-edged character is quite limited. Dividend disbursements in Toronto and Montreal this month amounted to more than \$6,500,000, and it is assumed that a large proportion of this sum will be re-invested. The stock market has been maintained, as

far as values are concerned, but with few exceptions, prices have not risen, which, no doubt, is disappointing to operators. The fact, however, that prices have not declined, may be attributed to the small amount offering. This is considered a hopeful sign, and with any encouragement, as, for instance, a larger supply of money, the market doubtless would advance. There are a number of issues lower than a year ago. Among them may be mentioned Twin City, Sao Paulo, Mackay pref., Canadian General Electric, Bell Telephone, Consumers' Gas, and Dominion Coal. Some of the bank issues are also lower at the present time than a year ago. Among them are Imperial, Toronto, Hamilton, and Ottawa. On the other hand, Commerce is 20 points higher, Dominion 3 points higher, Traders 3 points higher, and Standard 10 higher. Mackay common is 16 points higher, Canadian Pacific 6 points higher, Toronto Railway 9 points higher, Toronto Electric 2 higher, and Dominion Steel 5 higher. Money could be had a year ago at 4½ per cent. on security, but now little can be obtained even at 6 per cent.

Mining issues, especially those of Cobalt, are having a good run. Some money is being made in these, and the owners of many mines seem to be encouraged as development progresses. The Toronto public, however, do not appear to be as keen after them as one would expect, after witnessing the boom of some years ago. The crash that finally came then is remembered, and we doubt if any crazy boom will be witnessed here again, such as the one in British Columbia mines. From all accounts, there are some splendid properties in Cobalt, such as the Nipissing mines, which are up \$4 a share this week. Then there is the Foster, which is under Canadian management, the stock of which is active and higher. The McKinly-Darragh rose \$1.50 a share during the week, and the Buffalo is also higher.

The mining properties in British Columbia are doing well this year. The total output for the B. C. Mines. lode mining districts for the eight months of this year is put at between 1,300,000 and 1,400,000 tons. And the value of this has been enhanced by an increase in the average prices of silver, lead, and copper, for 1906, as compared with 1905. Comparing the output of eight months of this year with the whole of last year's, the increase in value is \$1,800,000.

The increased wealth of Canada within a decade has been simply marvellous. It is not alone in agriculture, but in manufactures, that great increase development has taken place. The foreign trade of this country, with a population of only 6,000,000, is \$546,000,000, of which exports are valued at \$255,500,000 and imports at \$290,500,000. This trade has more than doubled in eight years, while ten years ago the total trade was only \$215,000,000. The increase in exports of manufactured goods has more than kept pace with the general exports. The value of Canadian manufactures exported last year was \$24,643,000, as compared with only \$10,222,000 ten years ago, and \$15,511,000 five years ago.

The rapid development of the country necessitated increased banking facilities, and the country's progress has been helped largely by Canada's excellent banking system. Ten years ago the total assets of our chartered banks amounted to only \$320,000,000, while to-day they are over \$890,000,000. The liabilities ten years ago were \$230,000,000, as against \$710,000,000 at the present time. The total deposits in these institutions ten years ago were only \$185,000,000, while now they aggregate \$607,000,000. The loans and discounts in 1896 were but \$222,000,000, while they now aggregate nearly \$665,000,000. The paid-up capital ten years ago was \$62,200,000, with a rest or reserve fund of 42 per cent. of this amount. Paid-up capital to-day of our banks is \$93,000,000, and the reserve fund is 70 per cent. on capital. The circulation of bank notes has more than doubled in ten years, while the banks now hold in specie and legal tender nearly \$61,000,000, as against \$22,000,000 ten years ago.

Canadian Pacific stock has made a new high record, 183. The increase in the net earnings of the road for the C.P.R. first two months of the current fiscal year, over the same period of last year, is large enough to increase the amount available for dividends to the extent of more than one per cent. As a matter of fact, this increase is equal to 1.15 per cent. on \$121,680,000 of common stock, which includes the \$20,280,000 of new stock offered a few months ago to the stockholders, and which was only partly paid up at the time that the annual report was made up. There will be an increase of fixed charges this year, but, as the pro rata share of them for two months will be less than \$100,000, it is apparent that the amount available for dividends has been increased by more than one per cent., as the increase of net was \$1,404,967.

Notwithstanding the fact that the earnings of the Canadian Pacific for the next few months must compare with months of great expansion of earnings last year, there need be little fear that the gross earnings will not make good showings. The magnificent crops in the North-West and the prosperous condition of manufacturing in Ontario and Quebec, reached by the system make it certain that gross earnings will be large for the present fiscal year at least.

Our capitalists and banks do not, in all cases, confine their operations to the Dominion. Canadians have large business interests in the United States, Cuba, and South America. Our banks have continually \$125,000,000 to capital employed outside the country, and chiefly in the United States. It is stated by a high authority that Canadian financial interests in Mexico are greater than even those of Germany. Among the Canadians in Mexico is Dr. Douglas, the manager of the Bisbee works. Another Canadian is in charge of the works at Nacozari. Mr. Bernard, the former manager of the Le Roy mine, is now the manager at Guanajuato. Canadian and United States investments in Cuba aggregate about \$160,000,000.

On railroads in the United States, Canadians are to be found holding very responsible positions. James J. Hill laid the foundation of his career in Ontario. When

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President Pierce was in the White House, young Hill was loading freight on a Red River boat. To-day, he is the master of six thousand miles of railway and of as much iron ore as would keep the Steel Trust busy for twenty years or longer. Two lesser leaders in the railroad world—Alfred Sully, of New Jersey, and Nicholas Monsarratt, of Ohio—got their first childhood impressions of railways in Canada. The late Samuel R. Callaway, too, who was for years the president of the New York Central, was born near Toronto, and took his earliest lessons in railroading on the Grand Trunk.

The founder of the Cunard line—whose son, Sir Edward Cunard, lived for thirty years in New York—began life as the son of a poor mechanic in Nova Scotia. Among living shipbuilders, the one who stands most centrally in the limelight is Wallace Downey, whose firm built a famous yacht for the German Emperor; and the oldest is William W. Bates, who is now in Denver.

At the head of the Fuller Construction Company, which holds a world-wide reputation as the champion builder of sky-scrapers, is Harry St. Francis Black, who was born and educated in Cobourg. The Flatiron Building of New York City, by the way, stands as the most imposing monument to the skill of this company. In Maine, everyone knows E. T. Burrows, of Portland, both as a manufacturer and as a prohibitionist. In Cleveland, there are two Canadian business men in the front rank—Ryerson Ritchie, at one time president of the Chamber of Commerce, and George T. Worthington, who is the owner of fifty quarries or more. In Salt Lake City, there is William S. McCormick in the front row of bankers. Pittsburghers point to J. I. Buchanan, who is not only the head of the Pittsburgh Trust Company, but of half a dozen other big enterprises as well.

## King Edward is a Bargain.

Professor Masterman of Birmingham has pointed out that the British get their monarch at considerable under cost price.

About a hundred years ago the Crown lands, which then formed the chief source of revenue, were taken over by the nation, and they now

bring in rather more than it costs the country to maintain the monarchy. As to the curious maxim in English law that "the King can do no wrong," Professor Masterman explains that this means that the Law Courts can take no cognizance of what the King does, but, politically every action of the King must be sanctioned by some person who can do wrong, and who can be punished for doing wrong. The King has to act through certain definite channels, and the whole of English constitutional history lies round the contest to limit those channels.

The position of the English King of to-day differs from that of the English King of the past in the substitution of influence for authority.

## Canada's Postal and Telegraph Service.

Canada has 10,879 postoffices; 3,638 at Confederation.

Four hundred and nineteen post-offices were opened in 1905.

Letters mailed, 1868, 18,000,000; 1905, 285,000,000.

Money orders issued, 1905, \$36,000,000 worth.

Canada's postal surplus, 1905, \$491,000.

Canada has 100,000 miles of telegraph wires.

Capital invested in Canadian telegraphs, \$7,000,000.

Canada was the first colony to institute a penny post.

Canada took the initiative in the all-British Pacific cable.

One hundred thousand telephones are in use in Canada; 300,000,000 messages, 1905.

There is one telephone to every sixty of population.

Canada has forty-six telephone companies with 214,000 miles of wire.

Canada has fourteen government wireless telegraph stations.—Winnipeg "Telegram."

## This May Come in Time.

"H'what's the matter with restoring the old Anglo-Saxon way of spelling 'hwich' 'hwile' we are about it? That's the way we pronounce them.—Atlanta 'Constitution'."

Our clubmen go to the woods and the seaside in search of the comforts of poverty.—"Life."



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It is a good while since Yvette Guilbert (who has since married and become Yvette some other name) made her appearance in the Grand here. There was a small audience, and many of them laughed gleefully at the most tragic and pathetic recitations. The slim little French girl has changed a good deal; her repertoire is enlarged and so is her apron string, but she is still the magnetic, facile, unique piece of femininity who made her compatriots giggle and cry "La-la!" at her naughty skits, or brought tears of horror to their eyes with the intense tragedy of some unforgettable recitation, such as La Glu, the very most dreadful thing I ever listened to. Yvette is coming on Monday evening, and Chevalier the inimitable is also coming, and if you aren't carried off your feet with one, sure, there's the other to fly away with you! Certainly Gemini should wink in good comradeship with "twin stars" such as these. The schedule for their six weeks' tour is illustrated, and one of the funniest things ever put together. It has caused quite a few readers to remark, "Rather they than I!"

Mrs. Sinclair, widow of the late Judge Sinclair, and Miss Dickinson left this week for Chicago.

Mrs. Anderson, 67 Avenue road, has rented her house and is going abroad. Miss Kay of Goderich will accompany her.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. H. P. Dwight gave a tea which was a farewell to Mrs. A. W. Ross and Mrs. Don Ross (nee Dwight), who leave for Winnipeg on Monday. Mrs. Dwight received the small party of old friends, who so much enjoyed the bright hour, in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Ross was with her. Mrs. Don Ross, looking lovely in a pale rose crepe dress, assisted in the drawing and tea-rooms, and was assured of the regret of all at her departure from a circle who love her so well. Mrs. Busch poured tea and coffee, assisted by Miss Helliwell, and the table was prettily centered with flowers and ferns. Among those at the tea were: Mrs. Campbell (Mrs. Ross' sister), Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Catnach, Mrs. Alexander of Bon Accord, Mrs. Wyld of Dunedin, Mrs. Andrew Smith, Mrs. George Hees, Mrs. Cody, Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mrs. Selwyn, Mrs. E. S. Cox, Mrs. W. Davidson, Miss Davidson, who assisted in the tea-room; Mrs. W. Crowther, Mrs. Hollway, Mrs. James Roaf, Mrs. W. Roaf, Mrs. Macbeth, Mrs. Scadding, Mrs. W. Arthurs, Mrs. W. C. Matthews, and Mrs. J. I. Davidson.

Miss Josephine Brouse got home from England this week, and is looking exceedingly well.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Miss Flora Macdonald, and a younger child of Colonel and Mrs. Macdonald, have been a party of five spending a delightful summer abroad. Miss Flora is at school across the water, but the rest of the party got home a few days ago. They had a most enjoyable tour in Holland, and also spent some time in North Wales.

Mrs. Hees is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Haas, before starting on a visit to her brother in Cleveland, and friends in Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan are settling in their new home, a pretty house on the corner of Kendal and Bernard avenues. Mr. Hees and Mr. Ralph Hees have arrived safely in Yokohama.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gowan Strathy are in their Beverley street house, having removed from Madison avenue a few days ago.

Many friends of Lady Kirkpatrick are enjoying her inimitable hospitality these days, and are very sad at the thought of not seeing her for some months. On Sunday afternoon, Miss Annie Michie and her bridegroom-elect were among those who took tea at Closeburn, where a party for luncheon and also for dinner were entertained. On Tuesday a tea, for the pleasant party of English tourists who have been at the King Edward, gathered a group of congenial people at Closeburn. I hear two of the guests of honor did not get into town from the Lambton Club in good time, owing to their motor becoming fractious. They are very much amazed at Canadian roads, and applaud the energy and courage of our motorists in tackling them. Certainly, after the pleasant ways in England, they are pretty rough.

Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Clark spent a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Haas this week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson are spending some time at Atlantic City; Miss Darling went down to the seaside with them. Mrs. G. H. Gooderham and Mrs. Hargraff are also at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Reed are again in their cosy quarters at the St. George. They spent a very pleasant summer in Oakville.

The Rev. Principal and Mrs. O'Meara gave a reception at Wycliffe College on Wednesday evening, from half-past eight to eleven o'clock, to which friends were invited to meet the graduates and students of the College.

Miss Louise Mason is enjoying a holiday at Perth.

Toronto friends of Dr. Lionel Pritchard, of Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, will be pleased to hear of his engagement to Miss Whiteway, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir William Whiteway of St. John's, which has just been announced. The marriage will take place next June.

I hear there will be no Garrison church parade this month, but each regiment will parade to church separately. The Royal Grenadiers turned out in fine form last Sunday afternoon and marched to St. Stephen's for service.

The marriage of Miss Frances May Acheson, daughter of Rev. Stuart Acheson, and granddaughter of the late George Gooderham of Waveney, to Mr. Sydney H. Logan of the Bank of Commerce, Cobalt, took place in

St. Andrew's Church, Broadview, Sask., on Wednesday of last week, the father of the bride officiating. The church was prettily decorated with palms and flowers for the ceremony. Miss Acheson's bridal gown was of white lace over chiffon and silk, her veil was of tulle, with orange blossoms, and her bouquet of lily of the valley and Bride roses. A reception and breakfast at the Manse followed the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. Logan left for a honeymoon on the West coast. Many handsome gifts were sent the young couple.

On Friday of last week Mrs. S. G. Beattie of Oakdene, Isabella street, gave a charming little tea for Mrs. Langstaff of New York, one of the most delightful women who has ever visited Toronto. There were only a few people invited, some of whom were Mrs. Tyrrell, Mrs. G. E. Foster, Mrs. Sylvester, Mrs. Percy Galt, Mrs. Doolittle, Mrs. Bert Lee, with whom Mrs. Langstaff was on a visit, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, Mrs. Kemp of Castle Frank, Mrs. T. Harris, Mrs. Workman of London. The handsome daughters of the hostess, Misses Norton and Gussie Beattie, served the dainty refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Stone, 43 Nanton crescent, are at Atlantic City.

Of all the quaint and pretty new homes which are springing up in the new streets on the borders of the city, there is not one so unique and picturesque as Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grantham's in Balmoral avenue, a new street running from Yonge street, west, and passing a little north of Benvenuto, Mrs. Grantham's parents' home. The Grantham dwelling is a bungalow, with all the attractiveness of the Indian style of architecture, and the most charming furnishings. Mr. Grantham's "den" is the envy of all his friends.

Mrs. Mulock received in her perfect new home in Cluny avenue on Tuesday, for the first time. Visitors found the young hostess looking very graceful and well in a black jetted gown, and assisted by that winsome matron, Mrs. Jack Gilmour, in a pale blue frock with beautiful white lace. The house is one of the new and most artistic fancies of a smart architect, and everyone admires it immensely.

On Monday afternoon a tea-let at the Teapot Inn gathered about a score of Mrs. Reynolds' friends to bid adieu to her daughter, Mrs. Ellwood Moore, who left on Tuesday for Winnipeg, where she and her husband are taking up their residence. Mrs. Reynolds went north with Mrs. Moore, but will return later on to her flat at the Alexandra. The front tea-room was reserved for the tea, and some of the guests were Mrs. James Mason, Miss Mary Mason, Mrs. George Foster, Mrs. J. M. McIntyre, Mrs. Kennip, Mrs. J. Cooper Mason, Mrs. Lockhart Watt. Mrs. Ellwood Moore wore a softly shirred red gown and hat to match, and looked very pretty indeed.

Mrs. Osborne of Woodburn has been in New York, and returned to town at mid-week.

The engagement of Miss Anna G. Fitzgerald and Mr. Zelah Van Loan, both of New York, is announced, and their marriage takes place this Fall. Miss Fitzgerald made many friends during her residence in Toronto, where her family spent some time, about a decade ago. She was an advanced philanthropist, and connected with all sorts of good and helpful undertakings. Her father is secretary to a large trust company in New York, one of the old Knickerbocker stock, and I am told, a worthy descendant. Many good wishes will go from Toronto to the handsome bride-elect when her friends here are apprised of her coming nuptials.

Farewells and best wishes from many friends went with Miss Sydney Kingsmill, daughter of the late Judge Juchereau Kingsmill, who left last week for India, where she is to be married. Mrs. Kingsmill, with her debutante that is to be, Miss Phyllis, are at the St. George for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Macdougall returned on Tuesday from a most enjoyable holiday of several weeks near Oakville.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Heward are receiving the congratulations of their friends on their recent marriage. On Thursday Mrs. Stephen Heward gave a tea for her new daughter-in-law, at which many of the family and their friends were present.

October 17 will be Prize-day at Upper Canada College. The presentations will begin at two o'clock.

The Lambton Golf Club was en fete on Monday and Tuesday for the Tournament, and the players from across the Line received a hearty welcome. Mrs. Austin, wife of the President, gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Alton Huyck Garratt is at home on Tuesdays this month. Mrs. Wallbridge, 20 Madison avenue, received yesterday, and will be at home on the first and third Fridays during the season.

Another juicy Saturday was the gift of the gods to the Argos, for their Fall races, and At home, which, however, it seems nothing can quite quench. Many of the guests came late, for the rain ceased about six o'clock, but there was a fair number, even while the downpour was busy. Dancing went merrily until the latest moment permissible, and the usual array of pretty girls was fairly represented.

On Sunday the stork called upon Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Smith, with the gift of a baby girl.

Mr. James Cantlie arrived last Saturday from Winnipeg on a visit to his fiancée, Miss Annie Michie. This marriage is to take place some time next month. Mr. Cantlie is a son of Mr. James Cantlie of Montreal, and is making many friends here.

Mrs. and Miss Meredith have returned to Ottawa. Their visit of several weeks in Toronto has been the *raison d'être* of many delightful reunions of old friends, whom they greatly enjoyed meeting.

Several lady chauffeurs drive their cars with grace and judgment, and one of the most expert is Miss Florence Sheridan of 106 Avenue road, who is an enthusiastic motorist.

## Models of a Model House



207-Tailor-Made Double-Breasted coat with loose back, new collar design, trimmed with fancy buttons, half-lined with farmer satin Venetian, 44 in. long. Made in fancy tweeds, in all colors, or black and navy. Special. Range 4 Cloth \$10.00

208-Latest Design Double-Breasted Ulster, loose back coat 48 in. long, with fancy hood, lined with plaid silk. Made in plaid tweeds, in all colors. Range 4 Cloth Special \$13.50

209-Nobby Design Coat, Double-Breasted, full back, trimmed with broadcloth and fancy buttons, length 45 in., half-lined with farmer satin Venetian. Made in fancy tweeds or black and navy. Range 4 Cloth \$13.50

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# **VARSITY** and the Students

THE voice of the student is heard once more in the land. He has come down three thousand strong to gladden the heart of the impecunious lady with furnished rooms to let, and the proprietors of the various "college cafes" and "satisfaction dining halls" that fill the student quarter. At this time the student is received with open arms. He has plenty of money. In his pocket is the wad earned by the sweat of his brow in the survey camp and the mission field, the miscellaneous profits of a summer's "hashing" on a steamboat, or the bulging wallet that is the meed of the successful book agent. But it will soon be gone, and it will be a case of "money from home." Then, to raise the wherewithal to cover extra expenses, will come the time-honored excuses of broken instruments and additional fees. But for the present he is happy and free from care; that is, after he has found a roof to cover his head.

Never is the need of a University residence for men more apparent than at this time of the year. On most of the side streets within half a mile of Queen's Park, students have been scurrying around all week looking for rooms. True, the University authorities, to some extent, and the Y.M.C.A. have been giving some help in this direction. But the fact remains that the student has a hard time to find even a moderately suitable boarding-house. And when it is found, whether he live in the attic and shovel off the snow to help pay his rent or fare sumptuously in the "best room" with its pillowshams and the enlarged photographs of the landlady's ancestors grinning toothlessly down upon him, he is far from being in clover. The dreary monotony of a hall bedroom, worse by far than the garret of the literary genius, consorts ill with a liberal education.

Not long ago, the Hon. A. B. Aylesworth said at a college dinner: "If I had to choose between four years spent in residence and four years of lectures, I would take the time in residence." And there he touched on one of the weak points of Toronto University. If the University is ever to be much more than a glorified business college, there must be some means of bringing its students together other than in the line of their academic work. It is true that the chapter houses of the fraternities fill this want to a certain extent, but their tendency is somewhat disintegrating, and, anyhow, they are so few in comparison with the number of students, that their effect on the general undergraduate body is very slight. What is needed is complete system of undergraduate residences, such as prevails at the great English and American universities. A start is about to be made in this direction. The new Board of Governors has, it is announced, set aside a site at the corner of Hoskin avenue and Devonshire place for the erection of four halls, with a total accommodation for two hundred men. This, of course, is a step in the right direction, but only a step, and, even so, and with the aid of private subscriptions from E. C. Whitney and others, it will be a tax on the resources of the University.

The amount to be received annually by the University from the Province is about \$250,000, while many far smaller colleges in the United States receive several times this amount. The sum is hardly more than sufficient to provide for the purely academic work. Out of it scant provision can be made for student residences, a students' clubhouse or other projects that might be attacked as being objects of luxury, but which can be defended not only by abstract reasoning, but on purely utilitarian grounds. No university can turn out men of education and culture in the true sense of the word which has not some such means as a system of residence to bring them together outside of their attendance at lectures.

Surely here is a field for private benefactions. Will Toronto have no Sir William Macdonald? Are the only contributions to the exchequer of Toronto University from Ontario men of wealth, to be squeezed out from their estates by means of the succession duties? In a province like Ontario there is a limit to state aid for a state university, a limit imposed not for financial so much as for political reasons. But the fact that it is a state university should not deter the railroad magnate, the life insurance millionaire or the captain of industry from giving some of the overflow from his coffers to the residence, and similar university projects.

## **GOWN.**

### **Canadian Syndicate to Dam the Mississippi.**

The construction of a dam across the Mississippi River at the Des Moines rapids, just above Keokuk, Ia., is now being seriously considered again after abandonment for several years. The "Marine Review" of Cleveland, Ohio, says that a Canadian syndicate has for nearly a year been making investigations to determine the most suitable site for a dam. Says this paper:

Although none of these investigations has been made public, it is generally understood that a suitable site for a dam has been located and that the project is considered feasible.

Several field parties have recently started complete surveys on both sides of the river above the rapids to determine just how much land would be submerged by the proposed dam, and while it is said that much larger areas will be flooded than was anticipated, there is little probability that the value of the submerged lands will alone be great enough to render the project impracticable. The greatest difficulty to be overcome in the construction will undoubtedly be the control of the tremendous flow of the river during high water. If it is considered that the building of a dam across the river at the site chosen is possible at a reasonable cost, there is apparently no reason why it will interfere with navigation sufficiently to warrant any serious objection to its being built. The canal and locks on the Iowa side of the river at the Des Moines rapids, which were built many years ago by the Government, are already used by practically all of the boats plying up and down the stream, as the current over the rapids is so swift as to render navigation through the latter difficult and hazardous, except during high water. As far as a profitable disposition of the power that could be developed by a dam at these rapids is concerned, there seems to be little doubt, since a number of cities of considerable size could be reached by electrical transmission lines of reasonable length, and, furthermore, the country in the immediate vicinity is fully developed.

### **Song of the Sum of All.**

I have loved many, the more and the few—  
I have loved many, that I might love you.

All of my life was but loving and proving—  
The near and the far, the constant, the roving.

The sad and the joyous, the shadow, the part,  
With signs of their lacking marked down in my heart.

(For never the goal and the whole were for me.)  
They were handle and hint, they were crutch, they were key,

They were bramble and bud, but never the flower:  
They were dawn, they were dark, nor ever noon hour;

They were soil-of-life, spoil-of-life, symbol and clew,  
But the soul-of-life, whole-of-life waited for you.

They were wave, they were tide, they were shade on the lea,  
But you are the earth, and the sun and the sea.

—"Harper's Magazine" for September.

### **Obedience in a Royal Nursery.**

THE Princess of Wales, according to The "Youth's Companion," has trained her children so carefully in habits of obedience and veracity that they are nearly models of what children should be in those particulars. As an illustration of what the royal mother has done in the training of these youth, the "Companion" prints the following:

Before her Royal Highness started on her trip round the world with her husband, she drew up a list of rules to be observed in the nursery, and added a series of light tasks to be fulfilled by each one of the youngsters before the date set for her return.

The rules were to be enforced by the nurses. The performance of the tasks was left to the honor of the children, and in addition there was a list of things they must not do.

There were occasional lapses of memory as regards the forbidden things, and some carelessness in carrying out the tasks, for royal children, despite the severity of their training, are children still. But in the main they respected their mother's wishes and commands, and took no advantage of her absence. Upon one occasion, however, they were sorely tempted. This was when their loving and beloved grandmother, Queen Alexandra, brought them a big box of bon-bons. But when the sweets were offered to them, one child after another reluctantly but firmly declined to take any.

"We like them, but mother has forbidden us to eat them," explained the eldest prince.

"You can have the sugar-plums if I say you may," said the indulgent Queen. "I will tell mama all about it when she returns."

Prince Eddie wavered momentarily, then reiterated his refusal.

"We'd like them," he sighed, "but that's what mother said."

The Queen was slightly annoyed by this opposition.

"But if I say you may—" she said.

Prince Eddie stood his ground, a hero between two fires—the wishes of his adored mother and those of his almost equally adored grandmother. His sister and his brothers followed his lead. When the Queen went away she put the bonbons on the nursery table and there they stayed for months untouched, a handsome monument to the thoroughness of the princess's training and the respectful love and devotion of her children.

### **From Reformer to Mere Form**

A Possible Way of Winning Bets on Horse Races.

"FOR a time last season," said the old poolroom operator to a New York "Sun" reporter, "I thought I could make money by journeying to the track and getting a near view of the ponies than I could by being employed in a room. I had a system of my own which was working out with a fair degree of success."

"One day while on the train on the way down I noticed a young man, attired in neat black clothes, who seemed to be somewhat out of his element. From appearances he was connected with the clergy in some capacity."

"The young man had the seat opposite me. I was pretty busily engaged with the past performances of the entry list for the day. I was disturbed in my soundings by a touch on the shoulder from the young man in black."

"Pardon me," he said, "but would you mind giving me a little information as to the noble animals? You seem to be well posted on the different horses."

"You'll have to excuse me, friend," I answered, "I make it a point never to give advice about the horses. It saves hard feelings, you know."

"Oh, said he, 'I merely want to know what horse you think has the least chance to win to-day.'"

"Well," I said, "if you are going to play 'em hind end foremost, I think Dopey Charley in the fourth race might win if the rest of 'em ran backward. His price will be about 50 to 1 or thereabouts."

"The young man thanked me, and I forgot all about the incident and plunged into my system again. However, when Dopey Charley came in a winner in the fourth race I was quite taken aback and wondered if my young and inexperienced friend had put his money down."

"I was quite disgruntled on the homeward trip, as my system had gone very much to the bad on the day's play. About the first person I met on the train was my friend of the sombre garb. He eyed me with an offended look."

"Friend," said he, "that information you gave me was not altogether correct!"

"Did you play the dog?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said, "and this is the result," gingerly handling a roll of bills. "You might get it vaccinated if you're afraid of catching something from it," I said testily.

"The next day on the train I met the same young man, and once more he asked me for some back-hand dope. I gave him another horse which had as much chance as a snowball in the torrid zone, and I'll be jiggered if he didn't romp home a winner at the remunerative odds of 75 to 1."

"I met the young man on the train on the homeward trip and this time his face was flushed as if overcome with some emotion."

"Young man," he said, as soon as he had settled himself in the seat beside me, "I've a confession to make. My first trip down here was as the agent of the Society for the Vivisection of Vice. My object was to lose money gaming on the races and use the evidence in a suit against the racing association. But my two days of success have made me ashamed to use the money against them. I think there's no money in this reform business, and I guess I can do better by visiting the tracks daily and trying my luck."

"Well, sir, I was surprised, but my roll being shot to pieces by long and short shots, I was compelled to seek employment in the blackboard emporiums once more."

"One day this season I went down to the track, and on the way I saw a vociferously dressed person eyeing me intently. Pretty soon he came and shook me by the hand, and I recognized him as the whilom reformer."

"Well, pard, I suppose you're making wads and wads of money now," I said.

"Not so it's perceptible to the undraped eye," he said. "I'm a form player now. Maybe I'd better stick to my last as a reformer."

### **Social and Personal.**

A pretty wedding took place at York Mills House on Wednesday evening, October 3, when Miss Annie Birrell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Birrell, was married to Mr. Clark Stevens of Toronto. The bride was dressed in cream cologne over taffeta, trimmed with lace, and carried bridal roses. The gift of the groom was a diamond and sapphire ring. Among others was a cabinet of sterling silver from the brothers of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens left on a late train for the East. Mrs. Stevens travelled in a navy blue tailor-made suit and blue hat.

A very pretty house-wedding was solemnized on Thursday evening, the 27th ult., at the residence of Mrs. A. E. Minkler, 25 Tranby avenue, when her eldest daughter, Miss Jessie E. Minkler, was married to Mr. G. John Lutz of Port Huron, Mich. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. I. Armstrong of St. Paul's Methodist Church (Avenue road). The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. R. D. McDonald of London, Ont., and looked very charming in a gown of



MISS ROSE L. FRITZ,  
The Champion Typist of the World.

This clever young lady, who is only 18 years of age, won the Championship of the World in typewriter operation in Chicago last spring.

She is a graduate of the Kennedy Shorthand School of this city—the school for higher stenographic training—where she is at present in attendance.

The Management of the Kennedy School extend a cordial invitation to anyone interested in expert work to call at their office, 9 Adelaide street east, and see Miss Fritz operate her Underwood faster than most stenographers can write shorthand.

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&  
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## The Art Exhibit

WHY not a shoemaking genius as well as a Rembrandt or a Millet? And why not a shoemaking Worth as well as a dressmaking Worth? There is—as an inspection of the new "Queen Quality" models we now have on display will prove. Many of the new "Queen Quality" Boots might aptly be called art creations, so really beautiful are they. They stand out from the average shoes as does a beautifully gowned woman amongst the commonplace. Yet an interesting feature of "Queen Quality" Shoes is their moderate price—Four Fifty for "Custom Grade"—Three Seventy-Five for the Regular. Give us the pleasure of demonstrating the merits of these exceptional shoes.

THE SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED

white silk crepe de Chine over taffeta, and embroidered veil, fastened with orange blossoms, her only ornament being a pearl pendant, the gift of the groom. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley. The bridesmaid was Miss Edna Minkler. The groomsmen were Mr. Lew Minkler of Calgary, brother of the bride. The wedding march was played by Mrs. Marie S. McGill. The ceremony was followed by a reception, when many of the bride's friends took this opportunity of extending congratulations. The bride's going-away gown was navy blue broadcloth, with blue toque and ermine stole. Mr. and Mrs. Lutz left for their honeymoon amid showers of rice and good wishes. They will visit Buffalo, Cleveland and several American cities before returning to Port Huron, where they will reside.

A delightful motor party, in two crack Mercedes cars belonging to the Pittsburgh multi-millionaire, Mr. Price McKinney, left Toronto on Thursday of last week under the chaperonage of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Elliott, for a trip to Mr. McKinney's beautiful summer home in Pennsylvania. The party included a quartette of lovely

girls, Miss Eva Comer of Alabama, whose father is now in nomination for the State Governorship; Miss Lucy Dwyer of Virginia, Miss Hamilton of Alabama, and Miss Muriel Armstrong of Arnprior. The little son of Dr. and Mrs. Elliott also went with the party, and all returned on Tuesday quite enraptured with the trip and the hospitality of their generous host, who is now in town on a visit.

Mrs. William Croft, her son and daughter of 68 Glen road, Rosedale, have returned from a three months' visit to Holland and the Continent.

Miss Emily A. Faed has returned to the city and is staying at 416 Sherbourne street.

Miss Eva Comer of Alabama is visiting Mrs. J. E. Elliott for a few weeks.

An interesting assembly took place in the Gerhard Heintzman Hall yesterday afternoon, when the chiefs of the Canadian Northern R. met to pay honor to a member of the staff on the eve of his marriage. The gentleman in question was Fred Buller, son of

Mr. John Buller, who will be married to Miss Louise Henderson, daughter of a late prominent citizen of Lindsay, Ont., to-morrow. About sixty were present. W. H. Moore occupied the chair and D. B. Hanna, 3rd vice-president of the Canadian Northern Co., made the presentation, which consisted of a Heintzman piano and a purse of gold. In addition to the presentation from the senior members of the Canadian Northern staff, the junior members presented Mr. Buller with a beautiful set of china. Miss Henderson, the bride that is to be, was presented on Saturday evening by the citizens of Lindsay with a gold watch and a well-filled purse of gold. Miss Henderson being one of the belles of the town.

### **Poor Henry.**

"Very probably I'm a stupid chump," said the reader, "but I must confess I don't like Henry James's novels."

"Of you're not necessarily a chump," replied the critic. "The people who don't like his novels are divided into two classes—those who don't understand him and those who do,"—Philadelphia "Press."



# SPORTING COMMENT

HERE are certain forms of sport that man once considered essentially his own. For the most part they were diversions requiring to a greater or less degree strength, agility, endurance and the ability to resist the effects of physical and mental strain. To the women were permitted such innocent amusements as the lords of creation thought suitable to their physique and mental equipment. Croquet they could play provided they did not get their feet wet. Canoeing was permissible because the dear things were grateful to the eye wielding a paddle and were really quite nice if they didn't splash a pint of water over the passenger more than eight times in an hour. Their tennis wasn't half bad you know sometimes and their participation in the game was almost imperative if Papa owned the court. Some even learned to handle a yacht very acceptably after they had discovered by damp experience that a "gybe" was neither good form nor expedient.

But golf! It was preposterous to think for a moment that lovely women on the links could ever be caught but a subject for mirth. Because of physical limitations, she never could



MISS THOMSON.  
Driving.

yards in competition? Try it some time and note the result.

Miss Thomson's slashing brassies also stood her in good stead, enabling her to negotiate the 12th hole, 370 yards, in four, which is one under bogey, and, practically winning the match for her on the 600 yard "Long."

Just to show, however, that the wooden clubs are not everything, Miss Phepoe, the runner-up, though playing the odd a great deal of the time, evened things up every time by clever and consistent work with her irons, and carried the match to the 21st green.

It is safe to say that never since the Woman's Championship was inaugurated in 1901 has there been such a high quality of golf as was displayed by the different contestants this year. The game has now progressed out of the state where it was merely something to fill in the time between a late breakfast and afternoon tea, and to those who play it with some degree of earnestness and appreciation will come the rewards.

The championship has never come to Toronto, but we are not envious, for we think that we stand more than a good show for next year. There are some good lady players in Toronto. In the semi-finals Miss Defries, of Lambton, played Miss Thomson even to the 19th hole and lost in the 20th in a peculiar way, playing her ball into a post-hole that should not have been there. The ball was eighteen inches below ground, and at that stage of the game, entailed the loss of the hole and the match. The stroke that put the ball there was a wild one, but the absolute loss of the match was a high price to pay for one loose shot. It is safe to say that that post-hole will be filled. The golf meet was conducted in a way that reflects credit on the officials of the Association and the Toronto Golf Club.

The prize winners of the Ladies Golf Tournament were as follows: Championship—Royal Canadian Golf Association gold medal, Miss

Thomson; R. C. G. A. silver medal, Miss Phepoe.

First consolation—Miss Butler of Toronto.

Second consolation—Miss Gartshore of Hamilton.

Handicap—Best gross score, Miss Phepoe of Hamilton, 89. First net score, Mrs. Goodearle of Hamilton, 93, 6, net 87. Second net score, Mrs. Burns of Rosedale, 100, 9, net 91.

Third net score, Mrs. Smythe of Toronto, 109, 18, net 91.

Driving—First prize—Mrs. Pepler of Toronto Club, 145, 155, 180; total, 480. Second prize—Mrs. Dick of Lambton, 165, 149, 162; total 476.

The special prize donated by Mrs. W. Nesbitt, Miss Macdonald and Miss Havard was won by Miss Thomson with the good drive of 191 yards.

Approaching and putting—First prize—Miss Defries of Lambton, 3, 2, 3; total 8. Second went to Mrs. Bolte of Toronto, with the score of 4, 3, 3; total 10.

Special bogey handicap—First prize, donated by Miss Myles, was won by Miss Clay of Beaconsfield Club, Montreal. Second prize, presented by Miss Linton, was won by Mrs. Rodger.

In the inter-provincial match Ontario won by the following score on the one-point system:

Quebec	Ontario
Miss Thomson...0	Miss Phepoe...0
Mrs. C. Musson...1	Miss Defries...0
Miss McNulty...1	Miss F. Harvey...0
Miss Linton...1	Miss Dick...0
Mrs. A. Mussen...0	Mrs. Dick...1
Miss E. Clay...0	Miss Nesbitt...1
Miss Sparks...0	Mrs. Gartshore...1
Mrs. Hare...1	Mrs. Burns...0
Miss Towne...0	Mrs. Bolte...1
Miss Greene...1	Mrs. Pepler...0
Miss Laing...0	Mrs. Fitzgerald...1
Miss Cairns...0	Mrs. Goodearle...1
Miss Hodgson...0	Miss R. Davidson...1
Miss Johnston...0	Miss Maule...1
Miss Pangman...0	Miss L. Harvey...1
Total.....5	Total.....9

Some interesting points about this year's meet should go on record. On handicap day forty-eight ladies played, and everyone of them returned cards. This is very unusual. There was a surprising number of closely contested matches. No less than seven pairs were compelled to play one, two or three extra holes to break ties. Another feature was the remarkably good and consistent scoring of Miss Phepoe of Hamilton, who, on Monday, played the course in 89, on Wednesday in 88 and on Friday in 87. Miss Phepoe will compete in the American championship at Boston next week, and every golfer in Canada wishes her luck. The lady golfers from Quebec did the square thing. Only ten players were here for the tournament, and the regulations only call for that many on each side in the inter-provincial match, but in order to make a good game, the Quebec captain, Miss Linton, wired for five more players. This was a good sporting action, but had the Quebec ladies played only the ten who were here, they would have won by a score of 5 to 4. The five extra ladies who came in response to the telegram lost their matches.

Mr. A. W. Austin, president of the Lambton Golf and Country Club, did the cause of golf a fine service by inviting the ladies of the Western Golf Association from Chicago and



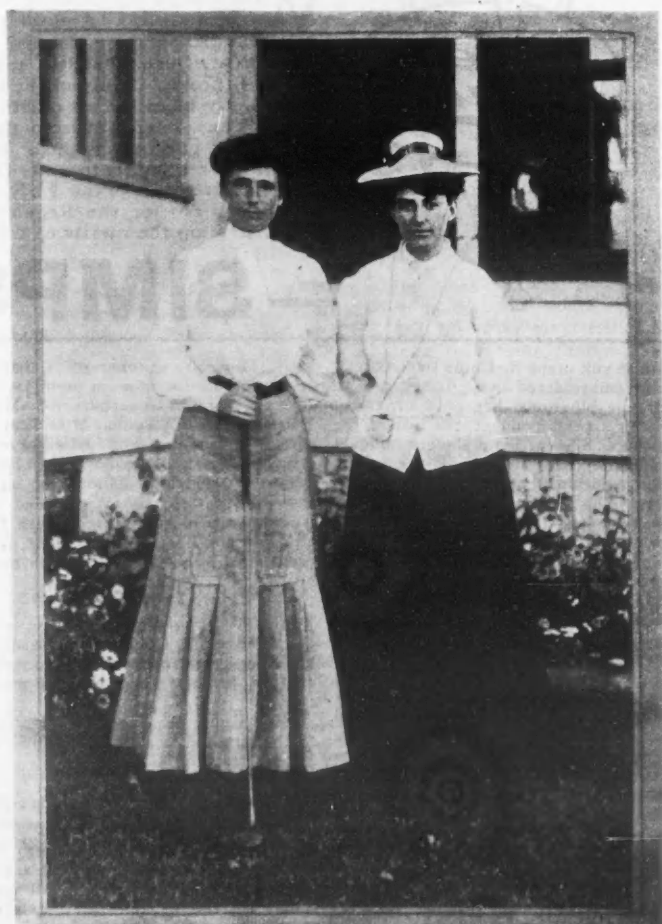
MISS DEFRIES, OF LAMBTON.  
Who played Miss Thomson to the 20th Green in Semi-finals.

acquire that free but concentrated swing without which good golf is impossible; she lacked the strength necessary for heavy work through the green, in fact it was altogether absurd to imagine her in any other role than that of spectator.

Many a time and oft, my dear sir, have you and I stood and grinned in derision from afar at the puny efforts of some fair damsel in the throes of her first lesson. How she thumped the earth and fanned the air and scattered the divots in profusion, while the "pro," dissembling his anguish, strove patiently to put some semblance of rhythm and purpose into her swing. How she would invariably bring the club waveringly upright in the manner of the nervous suburbanite about to send the patriarch of the hen-yard to his long home via the axe route, and bring it down again with great precision a foot behind the ball.

As we gazed on the scene, we almost imagine ourselves Little Brothers to Harry Vardon, and went into the club house to gloat in secret over our superior skill and strength.

However, since the visit of Miss Rhona Adair three years ago and the invitation tournament to the American ladies the next year, there has been a prodigious rattling of dry bones in the dusty gallery of man's beliefs, and those who witnessed the last two day's play in the Woman's Championship last week, must have been convinced that the heyday of the male gloater is past. The two contestants in the finals did the Toronto course in 87 and 88, bogey 77. If you deduct topped and sliced strokes which were the result of nervousness you have a pretty good score. There are men in Toronto at this moment who fancy themselves just the least bit at the game, but they couldn't do an 87 before a gallery to save their lives. At the long game which man considers his special province, the ladies are becoming more and more adept. In the driving contest, Miss Mabel Thomson, champion for the past two years, drove one ball a distance of 199 yards. "Nothing remarkable," say you, "I've done it myself." But Mr. Average Player, can you tee up three balls, and drive any one of them 191



MISS MABEL THOMSON,  
of St. John, N.B.  
Winner of Championship.

MISS PHEPOE,  
of Hamilton,  
Runner-up.

**Yildiz Magnums**  
PURE EGYPTIAN  
Cigarettes.

**WOLSEY**  
Pure Wool Underwear  
GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE

Its Good Points.  
1.—It will not felt nor harden; it therefore retains its silk like softness as long as it lasts.  
2.—Being elastic and unshrinkable it keeps its shape perfectly, always assuring a comfortable fit.  
Look for the Tab on each Garment.  
It is the guarantee that the goods are unshrinkable.

The West to stop off at Toronto for the two first days of the week on their way to Boston, whither they journeyed to play in the Ladies National Championship. The leading lady players of Canada were also invited to Lambton to meet the American players, and two great days of golf resulted. The Lambton course was at its best for the occasion and the visitors expressed themselves as highly pleased with their sport and entertainment.

The attention of the Eastern League is respectfully called to the report of the aeronaut race for the James Gordon Bennett cup over in Paris. The despatch says: "The first cash prize of \$2,900 goes to Lieut. Lalun and the endurance medal to Hon. C. S. Rolls, who was the longest in the air. This is a capital new idea in sport, and as the Toronto ball team was longer in the air this year than any club in the League, it should get a special prize. There is great possibilities for the 'endurance medal' at the Woodbine, in golf and at other games and sports. The tail-end never before got the credit he deserved. Often he works harder than the winner."

## Heads I Win, Tails You Lose.

Lawrence Waterbury, the racquet expert, got out of a hansom before the white, imposing buildings of the Boston Racquet Club.

"Then, if you play this way," began his companion; but Mr. Waterbury, laughing, interrupted.

"If I play this way," he said, "it will be heads I win, tails you lose. You argue like the man who ran the raffle."

"The man who ran the raffle?"  
"Yes. There was a man running a raffle for a clock. The tickets were a quarter apiece. The man approached an Irishman and said:  
"Let me sell you a ticket for a raffle."

"And what is being raffled, friend?" the Irishman asked.

"A clock," said the other.  
"A clock is it? Then count me out," said the Irishman. "I have no use for a clock, and I wouldn't know what to do with it if I had it."  
"Oh, never mind; take a chance. You may not get it," said the raffler."

## A Device of Advanced Motoring

There are all sorts of fads, fancies and fittings which add to the comfort and luxuriousness of automobile touring. They cannot be termed necessities, for the car would give as good service without them as far as carrying the load and speeding are concerned.

In this connection it will be perhaps surprising to note that some

men pay more for the body and interior fittings of their cars than others do for entire machines.

A well-known Chicago motorist has spent \$800 in putting extras on a \$2,000 touring car. These included six lamps, for various purposes; a clock, a barometer, a thermometer, a grade indicator, an odometer, a speedometer, a huge dragon horn, an electric bell, a steam whistle and a "kid eradiator."

According to "Country Life" in America, this last consisted of a steam pipe running to the rear step, and when an intruder attempted to steal a ride the steam was turned on his legs. Warning of the boy's presence is given by the ringing of a small electric bell, worked by his weight on the step completing an electric circuit.

## "A Suggestion."

If you are not a customer of "Vogue Tailoring Co., 9 West Adelaide street, and are not perfectly satisfied with your present tailor, may we not have an opportunity to show you what we can do?

## Dog That Brought Luck.

One rarely hears of a stray dog found practically starving in the streets of a city rising to fame and bringing fortune to its benefactor. Such, however, is the history of the celebrated dog Brigadier, which forty years ago, after being hustled about the streets of Manchester, found a sympathetic friend in the late Mr. Foulkes of that city.

Finding the dog in the streets homeless, Mr. Foulkes took it home, and with it, after careful training, succeeded in winning the Waterloo Cup. With the money thus won Mr. Foulkes purchased a hotel at Withington, a suburb of Manchester, which he renamed the Waterloo Hotel.

In a quiet spot of the hotel grounds stands a tombstone erected to the dog's memory—London "Graphic."

## His Object.

"How long yer been fishin?"  
"All day."  
"Catch anything?"  
"Nope."  
"Any bites?"  
"Nope."  
"What yer fishin' for then?"  
"Fishin'—Life."

## Hunters Get Ready.

As the season for big game will soon be open. The direct route is via Grand Trunk Railway. Call at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets for tickets and full particulars.

## In Round Numbers.

"Papa, what is the difference between a statesman and a politician?"  
"About a million a year."—Life.

## PARKDALE ROLLER RINK

212 COWAN AVE.

Rink cooled by electricity  
Very select patronage  
Full band every evening

## GRANITE ROLLER RINK

Church Street

Three Sessions Daily.  
Band Afternoon and Evening.  
SELECT PATRONAGE ONLY

TUESDAY P.M., OCT. 9th.  
Grand Fancy Dress Carnival  
2 Cash Prizes distributed to best costumes.  
2 Cash Prizes distributed to best burlesque.

## OLD ORCHARD

ROLLER RINK

Cor. Dovercourt and Harrison Sts.  
Near Dundas St.

## FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL

Friday Eve., Oct. 5th

Excellent Floor Surface and Good Band.

## LOVE'S FOOTBALL SUPPLIES

Footballs  
\$1 to \$4 each  
Jackets, 50c.  
to \$1.75 each  
Knickers, 75c.  
to \$1.50 pair  
Sweaters, Stockings, Shoes, etc.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue  
Harry H. Love & Co., 189 Yonge St., TORONTO

## YOUR Autumn Underwear

ought to keep you cool during the warmth of the day—and protect you against chill in the cool evenings. "JAEGER" Pure Wool Underwear, under all changes of temperature, keeps the body at an even warmth. It is the ideal Underwear for Autumn.

Made in all sizes, styles and weights for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. Obtainable from leading dealers in all principal cities.

United Garments  
Write for Catalogue No. 31.

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System Co., Ltd.

310 St. Catharines St. West, Montreal.  
Toronto Depot: Wreyford & Co., 85 King St. W.

## London

has sent us some striking novelties  
—IN—  
**Leather Cloth Vests**  
Shades Buckskin, Green, Slate. That they are made by Young & Rochester is sufficient guarantee of their fit and style. We also have good blue Fancy Lightweight Vests at \$1.50 each. S. B. Dress Vests, \$1.50. D. B. Dress Vests, \$2.00.

## WREYFORD & CO.,

85 King St. West.

## DYEING FOR A WOMAN

In dyeing or cleaning wrap, or skirt or gown for women, we know how particular we must be. And we are particular, and thus please.

## R. PARKER & CO.

Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.

301 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 671 and 1224 Queen St. W., 277 Queen St. East.



It has always been in life that I have found a common myself on the particular fair

and that is the one extract from it.

to any degree in unless he is a skill trumpet—his own what does Mr. G. of his inimitable

If you wish in the Your merits you You must stir it And blow your Or trust me you

Had it not been shyness I would placed in the fall I found myself comfortable and ever man found

gan with my m one day in Pres made his acquai coming over, bu Cape Town, wh on to Johannes friendly on boar to meet again, a cordially. He

hurry, so makin with me to dine ine night at his address, we sep

Next morning arrived from hi "My dear Br ing von yester old friend Stan met for years.

house and sett dinner-party as morrow night, said I had a f but he would your friend too

of yours will will send him your both cor for both, and night at half-p and Mrs. Stan ple, so I am pleasant even mind this Believe me, y

By the same formal invitation to dine at 8

was rather pl dinner-party. not been wor would be all

Morover, I was a very v tial man, so on this entre I dressed my extreme care procured a fl The fashiona ing, but my made up in My coat-tails for so my ta sured me so before. And myself in th Mr. Simpson of his friend notabilities

At half-pa and waiting waited in va in the vestifess, rather seven was hotel, and knives and from the dis son would on to a qu getting imp boy appeared vociferated, and tore it son, and ra portant bus night. Go Make my Simpson.

of disgust, somewhat hardly care with people before. St the hostess was my o the dining empty and away.

"Oh, I'll a pause, a tion I had in. It wa wore no about a qu in the Br the localit





# A LITTLE MISTAKE

CHAS. D. LESLIE



It has always been my misfortune in life that I am shy. It is not a common fault. I can pride myself on the rarity of my own particular failing, for failing it is, and that is the only consolation I can extract from it. No one can prosper to any degree in this wicked world unless he is a skilful performer on the trumpet—his own, that is to say. For what does Mr. Gilbert observe in one of his inimitable verses—

If you wish in the world to advance,  
Your merits you're bound to enhance;  
You must stir it and stomp it,  
And blow your own trumpet,  
Or trust me you haven't a chance!

Had it not been for my unfortunate shyness I would never have been placed in the false position in which I found myself that evening—as uncomfortable and trying a position as ever man found himself in. It all began with my meeting Mr. Simpson one day in President street. I had made his acquaintance in the boat coming over, but he had stopped at Cape Town, while I came straight on to Johannesburg. We had been friendly on board, and were pleased to meet again, and greeted each other cordially. He was, however, in a hurry, so making an appointment with me to dine with him the following night at his club, and taking my address, we separated.

Next morning the following letter arrived from him—

"My dear Brown—Just after seeing you yesterday I ran across my old friend Stanley, whom I had not met for years. He has just taken a house and settled here; is giving a dinner-party as a house-warming to-morrow night, and invited me. I said I had a friend dining with me, but he would take no denial: 'bring your friend too,' he said; 'any friend of yours will be welcome. My wife will send him a card. I insist upon your both coming.' So I accepted for both, and will call for you to-night at half-past seven. Both Mr. and Mrs. Stanley are very nice people, so I am sure you will have a pleasant evening. Hoping you do not mind this alteration in our plan—Believe me, yours very sincerely,  
Arthur Simpson."

By the same post I also received a formal invitation from Mrs. Stanley to dine at 8 p.m. On reflection I was rather pleased at going to this dinner-party. My dress clothes had not been worn since I landed, and would be all the better for an airing. Moreover, I learned by making one or two enquiries, that Mr. Stanley was a very well-known and influential man, so I congratulated myself on this entire into the best society. I dressed myself that evening with extreme care; with some difficulty I procured a flower for my buttonhole. The fashionable tie is always changing, but my white tie was, I knew, made up in the very latest shape. My coat-tails were the exact length, for so my tailor in Piccadilly had assured me solemnly only five weeks before. And when I finally surveyed myself in the glass I decided that Mr. Simpson could not be ashamed of his friend's appearance, whatever notabilities might be there.

At half-past seven then I was ready and waiting for Mr. Simpson, but I waited in vain, and stood impatiently in the vestibule feeling, I must confess, rather hungry. A quarter to seven was the dining hour at my hotel, and as the cheerful clatter of knives and forks and plates came from the dining-room I wished Simpson would come. The clock crept on to a quarter to eight, and I was getting impatient, when a telegraph boy appeared. "Name of Brown," he vociferated. I snatched it from him and tore it open. It was from Simpson, and ran as follows: "Regret important business takes me away to-night. Go to Stanley's all the same. Make my apologies. Very sorry—Simpson." I uttered an exclamation of disgust, feeling I was left in a somewhat awkward predicament. I hardly cared to go by myself to dine with people whom I had never seen before. Still I had an invitation from the hostess, and what was more it was my only chance of dinner, for the dining-room of the hotel was now empty and the waiters were clearing away.

"Oh, I'll go!" I said to myself after a pause, and without further hesitation I had a cab called and jumped in. It was a warm evening, and I wore no overcoat. The house was about a quarter of an hour's drive off, in the Bramfontein suburb. I knew the locality to which we were going

only, but the cabman said he knew the house. Presently we were there. It was one of the old-fashioned houses, one storied, square, and with a verandah running round, and stood at a corner where four roads met. A strip of garden lay between it and the road. I paid the cabman and got out, then opening the gate entered the garden. An open door was before me leading into a passage. I stepped up to it and knocked. There was no answer, but a strong smell of cooking greeted my nostrils. I took a step forward into the passage and looking to my right saw immediately the mistake I had made. The front of the house lay round the corner, facing the other road. I had entered by the back way and stood outside the closed kitchen door. I turned to retrace my steps, but at that moment the door opened and a big man in a linen coat and cap rushed out. He snatched my hat off my head and hung it on a nail in the passage, and grasping me by the arm swung me into the kitchen.

"Why the dickens didn't you come before?" he said. "Everything's ready; it's past eight, and I'm waitin' to dish up!"

Immediately I understood. The Stanleys had evidently engaged a job cook and a job waiter for this dinner-party, and the former of these had taken me for his colleague. I was so enraged at the fellow's mistake that for the moment I was speechless! Then, before I could find words to explain, a lady's voice said—

"Are you ready, Thompson?"

I looked round. A lady had entered the room by another door and stood on the threshold. From where I stood I was almost invisible to her. She was in evening dress, and I guessed at once it was Mrs. Stanley. "Just ready, ma'am," promptly replied the cook. "The waiter 'as just come; I'll serve it up at once."

"Do so please; everyone is here now."

Now though I had said nothing my face was eloquent enough if the cook had only looked at me. But engrossed in his work he had never done so. Mrs. Stanley was still standing in the doorway, and now was the moment to speak and explain. Had I only done so, all would have been well; but I simply could not. To come forward then from where I stood, surrounded by kitchen paraphernalia, and introduce myself to a lady, who had never seen me before, as her guest, and that after she had just said that no one else was expected, required more courage than I could muster. At last though, after a few moments' hesitation, I determined to speak, but when I looked towards the doorway the golden opportunity was passed. Mrs. Stanley had gone, and at the same moment the idiot of a cook had shoved a big soup tureen into my hands. I had to take it or it would have dropped.

"Catch hold, you fool!" he said.

"Trot that into the dining-room."

"Oh, here's the waiter, at last!" said a woman's voice, and a pretty parlour-maid, in white apron and cap, entered the room from the passage. "I thought you were never coming, Mr. Waiter! Come along this way—follow me!"

Helplessly I followed her, bearing the soup tureen along the passage into a fairly large room set for dinner. I placed the tureen on the table, but while I did so the maid had gone to the drawing-room and announced dinner, for as I turned to fly the guests came into the room, two and two, and took their seats; the girl followed and closed the door. Escape was impossible, and I stood there helpless, and looked at the man who ought to have been my host.

He was elderly, grey, and grizzled, with piercing eyes and a prominent chin; he looked at me, and with a gesture summoned me to his side, and before I knew what I was about I was handing round plates of soup. But though I did this almost mechanically my ears took in the first words Mrs. Stanley spoke as soon as all were seated.

"It's really fortunate Mr. Simpson and his friend could not turn up, else it would have been rather a squeeze for us here."

The guests numbered ten, four ladies and six gentlemen, and, as she said, the table seemed quite full. I saw that almost anything would be better than explaining who I really was. The time for that was past. Moreover, I guessed now that Simpson had telegraphed his inability to come, and this had been taken as including me also. The best thing I could do would be to go on with the wretched farce until I could escape. But oh, the humiliation of it all! That I, Caractacus Brown, the lineal descendant of the great British chief of that name (the eldest son in my branch of the great family of Brown is always named Caractacus, after our famous ancestor, and to distinguish us from the rest of the Browns, people of no importance), I, with the blood of kings running in

my veins, should be forced to wait at table! That I should be taken for a hired waiter by everybody. It was almost too much. But the culminating insult was to come. These thoughts had passed through me while the guests were taking their soup. A lady had asked for some bread and I had not heard her. "Here," cried Mr. Stanley, "Brown, give Mrs. Moss some bread." It was too bad that he should pretend that I—or rather the man I so unwillingly represented—was a man-servant and not a hired waiter, but to give me my own name was indeed filling up my cup to the brim.

My idea was to escape through the passage from the door by which I had entered, but this I found impossible. When I left the dining-room my hands were always full of plates, and I had to go into the kitchen to put them down, besides the outside door was now shut. And immediately I had put the plates or dish down that fiend of a cook was always ready for me and ramming fresh ones into my hands. He treated me as a mere machine, never once looking straight at me. How I got through that awful dinner I hardly know, but I did. The pretty parlour-maid was the only one who really noticed my embarrassment. "I say," she whispered to me, "you're new to this kind of work, ain't you?" "Yes," I feebly answered, which was true enough. It was owing to her that I got through the ordeal without open disgrace, for she helped me, telling me in hasty whispers what to do. The guests, engrossed in conversation, never noticed me, for it was a cheerful dinner-party, laughter and merriment pervaded it, and naturally no one watched the waiter.

I went on as though in a dream, indeed I pinched myself more than once hoping I might wake up and find it was a dream or rather a nightmare; but everything comes to an end, and the dinner drew to a close. Dessert was being eaten when the final catastrophe happened.

During a lull in the conversation the cook's voice was heard raised in loud conversation with someone in the kitchen, next instant the door opened and he burst into the room in a state of wild excitement followed by another man, a red-haired cad in shiny evening dress who, instinctively I guessed, was the real Simon Pure—the man whom, unwillingly enough, I had personated. Both men were looking at me, and I saw I was about to be expected. Utterly losing my head at this, and thinking only of

## CAREFUL DOCTOR

Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation."

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y.—and as a last hope, sent for him."

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more."

"I kept at it and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonfuls. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered."

"Now after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a reason."

escape, I ran to the open window, which was opposite the door, and precipitating myself through was next moment in the garden. "Why had I not thought of this simple way out of my difficulty before?" I said to myself as I scrambled to my feet and made for the gate. But my triumph was short lived. I could not find the gate in the dark, and two of the younger guests had jumped out of the window after me, and laid violent hands on me just as I had found the exit. Feebly protesting I was dragged back into the room I had so lately quitted, and my two captors placed me before the accusing cook, at whose elbow stood the red-haired man. The assembled guests, highly interested at this unexpected interlude to the dinner, had all turned their chairs to gain a good view of what was happening.

"Now," said Mr. Stanley to the red-haired man, "just explain this."

"Why, sir, Mr. Thompson, the cook, engaged me to help him for your dinner-party, but this afternoon my boss tells me he couldn't spare me to-night, so I goes to a man I knows, as serves in a bar close by, and gets him to take my place. Then I goes and tells Mr. Thompson and thinks no more about it. Well, not 'arf an hour ago this man comes running in to my hotel, 'Arry, says 'e, 'good heavens, but I forgot all about the job you gave me! I 'aven't been! So arter cussin' 'im a bit I cuts on here to explain."

The cook now struck in: "When this cove comes, naturally I takes 'im for the man as was coming." All eyes were turned to me.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Stanley, "now tell us who you are, and why you came." I said nothing, vainly hoping that some miracle would yet intervene and enable me to escape unknown.

"It seems to me," Mr. Stanley went on, addressing the company generally, "that this fellow got wind of this somehow and personated the waiter, hoping to pick up some silver spoons or unconsidered trifles."

"I think," here said one of the captors, "we had better search him and see if he has already pocketed anything, for he was in the deuce of a hurry to leave." Forthwith he did so. "Why, no, he's got nothing but a handkerchief—scented too, by Jove!—and a rather swaggy card-case. Let's see what he calls himself. What's this?—Mr. Caractacus Brown." "Mr. Caractacus Brown!" cried Mrs. Stanley. "Why, I remember that's the name of Mr. Simpson's friend who was coming here to-night; and now I think of it Mr. Simpson in his telegram did not say his friend was not coming, but only that he himself could not come. Herbert, really he looks respectable! Surely he can't be—"

"Yes," I said, for it was useless keeping silent any longer, "I am Caractacus Brown whom you invited to dinner to-night."

"Then what in the world have you been waiting on table for?" not unnaturally asked Mr. Stanley.

There was no help for it; all had to be explained. In a feeble voice I began: "I entered your back door by mistake, and your cook mistook me for the waiter, and pulled my hat off, and dragged me into the kitchen before I could say a word. Then Mrs. Stanley came into the room to speak to him, and I was ashamed to explain, but thought that I could get quietly away. But I couldn't, and so I— Here I broke down; but it was unnecessary to say more for everyone was beginning to laugh. "Leave the room," said Mr. Stanley to the servants, and they did so; and I fancy the pretty parlourmaid went into hysterics in the kitchen, for her shrieks could be plainly heard through the closed doors. A rather embarrassing pause followed their departure, only broken by the suppressed titters of some of the guests.

"Really, Mr. Brown," said Mr. Stanley at last, "this is a most extraordinary story. I suppose I owe you an apology; but really your conduct—"

"I don't want any apologies," I interrupted. "I have no one to blame but myself; but as this gentleman has demonstrated that I have nothing of yours in my pockets perhaps you will permit me to depart." Then having obtained my hat I bowed myself out with as much dignity as I could muster and left. Silence is not always golden, and may my experience be a warning to those who suffer from mauvaise honte.

## The Discomfiture of Geometry.

Euclid had just announced that the sum of the parts could not be greater than the whole.

"Did you ever get a bill for repairing an auto?" we asked pityingly. Herewith he meekly retired to the background.—New York "Sun."

## Coming.

Traveler—London train very late again this morning, porter.  
Porter—Ah, she is a bit behind, sir, but we're expecting her hevery hour now.—"The Tatler."

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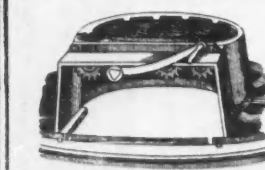
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JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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### Points About People.

That Sir John A. Macdonald shared with Carlyle a taste for a certain type of heroic poetry was evidenced in a rather curious incident shortly before the general elections of 1878, at a time when he was out of office. One August night the Ottawa correspondent of the *Mail* obtained indubitable information that the Mackenzie Administration intended to spring a surprise on their opponents and go to the country on September 17 of that year. As soon as Mr. C. W. Bunting, editor of the paper, received this information, he drove hurriedly to the home of Sir John A. Macdonald, who was then residing in St. George street, Toronto. The hour was late, but the household was roused. As Sir John was not in the best of health, his secretary, who came down stairs, was loath to waken him, but as soon as the nature of the news was divulged he concluded that this was necessary. Sir John came down in his night clothes, and as soon as he heard the news rubbed his hands with delight at the prospect of battle. The room was flanked with books to its high ceiling, and Sir John suddenly turned to his secretary and said, "Climb up that ladder to the top shelf." His order was obeyed. "Now take that volume of Tennyson and turn to 'The Revenge,' stay where you are and read it." The lightly clad secretary, from his airy perch rolled forth the majestic tale of the battle of the one and the fifty-three. Sir John listened with a gleam in his eye. "Revenge! that's what we want," he said as he listened, and as everybody knows, he got it.



Englishmen sometimes comment on the apparent indifference of Canadian public men to literature, music, and the fine arts. Half the members of the Campbell-Bannerman Administration are authors of books, but the hurly-burly of Canadian politics does not give a man much time for the cultivation of literature and art. An exception, however, was the late Hon. A. S. Hardy, who, even when politics were seething, kept up an active interest in what was being done in poetry, music, and the drama. He read the criticisms that appeared in the daily press, and it was a relaxation for him to discuss the pros and cons of some judgment with such writers as he happened to know. His demand for exact information as to the meaning of musical phrases was sometimes embarrassing. If he read a poem which pleased him he would sit down and write a note of appreciation to the author. After his retirement from public life he was seen at every good concert, and was obviously pleased if a reporter, who perhaps had two or three events to cover, would ask him what to say about a number he had missed, and his judgment was good. He enjoyed the old favorites like *Il Trovatore* and *Faust*, even if badly done. On one occasion a writer who had been unable to attend a wretched company's performance of Verdi's opera met Mr. Hardy at the close of the performance, and asked him what to say about it. "Well, it was pretty bad, but I enjoyed it, I enjoyed it, so say the best you can for the poor creatures, anyway."

Sir John Leng, M.P., the veteran Dundee publisher, who has been telling the British public that Canadian journalism is, on the whole, deserving of respect, made a somewhat brief study of his subject. He visited Canada last year. While in Toronto he dined with the Press Club on the same evening that Mr. E. S. Willard, the famous actor, was the guest of the pressmen. Sir John sat opposite Mr. Willard, whose striking personality fascinated the man from Dundee. It was apparent that he had not caught the actor's name, or did not know it. Presently he leaned forward and said: "Your face seems familiar to me—I'm sure we have met before." "Perhaps in London," smiled Willard. "No doubt," admitted Sir John. "Were you at the Lord Mayor's banquet in 1901?" Mr. Willard said he had not been there, but, he added: "No doubt you have seen me in the theatre—do you attend the theatre?" "I do not," declared Sir John conclusively. "We have not met," explained Mr. Willard

sweetly, "you notice in my face some chance resemblance to another." The printed portrait of the actor had, no doubt, often caught the eye of the Dundee publisher. Next evening Sir John Leng sat in a box at the Princess Theatre as the guest of Mr. Willard, and witnessed *The Professor's Love Story*. Then he knew Mr. Willard.

The are times when the love of children, which all clergymen are supposed to feel, must be severely tried. A year or so ago a prominent Anglican clergyman, noted for his direct statements, was speaking at a week-night service. In the midst of his discourse some bad boys opened the door and shouted "Hot air!" The clergyman took his revenge on the following Sunday night, when he preached a very drastic discourse on the decline of moral sense in the young. Some of the interruptions made by youngsters are innocent, however. A few years ago Rev. J. P. Lewis was preaching at Grace Church, and at the climax of one of his sentences smote the pulpit smartly. A nervous lad who had fallen asleep suddenly started up at the sound with a shout of "What's the matter?" and the effect of the discourse was spoiled. No less disconcerting was an episode in a Spadina avenue church a month or so ago. The pastor was preaching earnestly when a little boy in the front pew became very demonstrative. The speaker in the pulpit gave an eloquent side gesture, signifying "Hush!" at the same time fixing the youngster with his eye. Far from crushed, the little hopeful piped back, "Well, Jack was touching my hat."

Sir Alwroth Wright, M.D., F.R.S., etc., is undoubtedly one of the most distinguished of living scientists. He has occupied many important medical positions in England and elsewhere. For some years he was attached to the University at Sydney, Australia, which he left to become professor of pathology in the Royal Military Hospital, Netley. For the past five or six years he has been attached to St. Mary's Hospital, London, where he made the greatest of all his discoveries, namely, on the causation and cure of bacterial diseases. These discoveries mark an epoch in scientific medicine and surgery and bring within the pale of curable disease, many conditions hitherto considered incurable. The benefit that has accrued to humanity is already very considerable. The future is bright with immense possibilities (or rather probabilities) along the lines his mastermind has indicated. He is still a comparatively young man, and the future may well be thought to hold for him other and great discoveries. Work, incessant work, is his creed, and a genial, kindly nature inspires his pupils with an enthusiasm that makes no sacrifice or endeavor too great. The University of Toronto Medical Faculty was assuredly most fortunate in having Sir Alwroth Wright deliver the opening address of the session. The lecture was an inspiration to his seven hundred listeners.

Some few at least of the officials who sit at desks and roam the corridors in the great grey stone pile up in Queen's Park know more of politics than of the world at large. This is a fact, which is borne out by a story that has been going the rounds of the Provincial Departments. On the afternoon of the big Oddfellows' parade most of the employees at the Parliament Buildings went out to witness it. As the uniformed delegations marched past, bearing banners proclaiming them to be canon this and canon that, one of the departmental officials became plainly perplexed. At length he turned to one of his companions. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "what kind of a place is Canton, anyway? I hadn't any idea it was big enough to turn out all those people!"

A very considerable number of art-lovers will be attracted to the studio of Miss Estelle M. Kerr at 36½ King street east, to view her exhibition of French and Dutch paintings, which commences to-day. Miss Kerr is a Toronto girl who gives promise of being a leading Canadian artist. The past two years she has spent abroad, the witness being devoted to study in Paris and the summers to travel in Italy, Switzerland, and Holland.



ONE OF MISS ESTELLE M. KERR'S DUTCH PAINTINGS

In the latter country she spent considerable time, and some of the best work at her studio was done there. Before going abroad Miss Kerr studied for two years in New York, having previous to that been a pupil in Toronto of Miss Muntz. The collection which Miss Kerr has on exhibition are chiefly oils, including a number of sketches made in Paris. There are also French land-

scapes, a number of portraits, and a dozen or more Dutch landscape and figure subjects. The portraits are particularly good. If a trifle dry in execution, they show careful study and excellent technique. A picture giving a glimpse into the artist's own studio in Paris is interesting, and quite fine in tone. The most interesting pictures of the collection are those painted in a little fishing village called Volendam, on the Zuyder Zee, and the artist is enthusiastic in speaking of this quaint little Dutch place and its inhabitants. Miss Kerr has one very large canvas of the Volendam fisherfolk which her short stay prevented her from finishing, but she hopes to return there next year and complete it. Even in its present state it is very interesting, showing excellent composition and admirable handling of a difficult subject. Studies from life constitute Miss Kerr's forte.

The treatment to which the Indians of British Columbia were subjected in the early days of that province is well and amusingly illustrated by a story told by Mr. D. W. Higgins, formerly Speaker of the British Columbia Legislature, who has come into considerable note as an author. In the year 1861, Sergeant Blake was chain-gang guard at the jail at Victoria. He started out one morning with thirteen prisoners to do some work on the Government grounds. When he counted the gang in the evening he found only twelve instead of thirteen prisoners. To account for the missing man he could not at first devise a plan, and saw dismissal looming before him. He was walking moodily towards the jail with the remainder of the prisoners, when he saw an old Indian wrapped in dignity and a new red blanket, gazing in a shop window. A bright idea occurred to the constable. Seizing the old Siwash by the arm, he led him into the midst of the gang, and ordered him to march with the others. "Ikta?" (What does this mean?) demanded the astonished Indian. "Copet wa-wa, hyas clatawah," (Don't talk, but go on), responded Blake, who presently handed his thirteen men over to the jailer, and took his receipt for them. The wondering old Siwash could not make himself understood, for no one would believe that he was Archivan when the prison record insisted that he was Avalang. So he served the balance of the sentence of the other Indian, who, a little later, came back on another charge, and the guilty man and his substitute worked side by side in the same gang for months. The innocent Indian remained always in a state of chronic surprise, and whenever he caught sight of Blake he would call out, "Ikta?" Blake would reply with a threatening gesture, "Capet wa-wa" (Hold your tongue), and the Indian would work away until he saw the sergeant again, when the same brief dialogue would ensue. The fellow was ever afterwards known to the police as "Old Ikta."

Young Canada's voice is beginning to be heard and heeded all over the world. Sometimes one finds him or her working sturdily and steadily, "pursuing the gleam," and catching it, or the inspiration of it. A Canadian girl in Paris, Miss Katherine E. Wallis, has for the past two or three years done her art and country proud, by passing the critics in triumph, and securing a place for her sculpture in the *Salon des Artistes Francais*. In the *Salon* of 1904 her lifesize stone statue, "Mercury Under the Charm of His Own Invention," was the exhibit of the young Canadian. In this year's *Salon* she has a bust in marble, "August's Daughter"; her bust in marble, "Mignonette," was in the Royal Academy in 1903, and is now at the rooms of the Woman's Art Association in Confederation Life Building here. I believe that Miss Wallis is the only Canadian sculptor who has exhibited in marble or stone in the *Salon*. Among her other things are "The Piper of Hamelin," a graceful bronze, fourteen inches high, and a bit of terra cotta, ten inches high, "The Grandfather," a bowed, little old man in a long surtout and soft battered hat, riding a chubby, barefooted child upon his back. It would be a worthy act for those in high places to secure the "Mercury" of this clever young sculptress, and set it somewhere in her native land, where her compatriots could admire it. The greatest pleasure Canadians could give to their talented people abroad is such a recognition.

The members of the press gallery at Ottawa are probably of the opinion that there is no sort of description of lobbyist with which they are not familiar. It is promised, however, that at the next session of Parliament an entirely new type will make its appearance, in the person of Joe Capilano, the leader of the British Columbia Indian chiefs, who recently travelled to London and were granted an interview with the King. Highly encouraged by the reception he was given by the Great White Chief, he announces that he intends to ask the Dominion Parliament for certain concessions for his people. Chief Joe entertains the belief that the native races should be represented in the big lawmakers' wigwam at Ottawa. He will probably find his reception at the Dominion capital as courteous and as empty of results as that which was tendered him in London. Yet, would it not be good stage play, to give the Indians a representative in Parliament?

Among old-timers, there is no politician of the province better remembered for his wit, than Hon. Michael Foley, whose special stamping ground was Halimand County. It is said that on one occasion Hon. Michael, having been beaten in an election, was appointed to an important position, and it was then discovered that to fill the place, he was required to have a knowledge of the law. A learned judge was named to examine Hon. Michael, and the politician found the judge in his quarters. "What do you know about the law?" was the first question asked by his Lordship. "Not a damned thing," admitted Mr. Foley. The judge chewed the handle of his pen for a moment, and then filled in a formidable

sealed document, testifying that on given day and date "Hon. Michael Foley appeared before me and being duly sworn, satisfactorily answered all the questions addressed to him, etc., etc.," and Michael held the job.

Even in the most decorous of churches an incident sometimes arises which momentarily upsets the risibilities of the congregation. In fact, there is hardly a Sunday goes by but that in some one of the many churches of Toronto an episode clearly out of the routine occurs. One of these little contributions to the gaiety of life was made a week or so ago by a well-known Methodist minister who is pastor of one of the West-end churches of the city of Toronto. The occasion was the anniversary celebration of the church, and at the evening service the children of the Sabbath school were all assembled in the front pews. It had been a long day for them, and they had been particularly well behaved. The minister, a kindly gentleman, desired to compliment the little ones, and framed up a pretty sentence about how it delighted him to look into the happy upturned faces of little children. Unfortunately, when he came to utter the words a *lapsus linguae* intervened and he said: "It delights me to look into the happy faces of little upturned children." It will be admitted that children's faces are not at their happiest under such circumstances.

### The Dread Russian Outlook.

W E admit to the full the provocation of the revolutionaries in Russia; but they are acting as assassins, upon principles and methods which, if persisted in, would destroy society by rendering the punishment of crime impossible, says the *London Spectator*. In Poland, for example, they daily slay the police for being policemen, oppressive policemen, no doubt, but still men under legal authority. In any other country they would rouse a passion of abhorrence which would at once arrest their action and transfer all pity from the oppressed to their victims. But in Russia it is evident that the hatred of the governing class has gone so deep that both the "intellectuals" and the masses regard assassination as a justifiable, because unavoidable, incident in a social war. The people, habitually docile and law-abiding, have thrown off the chains, whether of religion or of habit, and judge the struggle between themselves and the reactionaries without reference to legality, or even to the instinctive idea of right and wrong. We may learn from this how terrible the oppression has been which has transferred millions of quiet and industrious folk, hitherto only too submissive to authority, into mental accomplices of murder.

If this frightful condition of opinion continues, what will be the end? One can hardly doubt that it will be civil war. It is always possible as we have so often observed, that the nation in its death-throes may produce a strong man who will restore order by other means than the bullet and the loaded whip, who will find a method of giving the peasants the land without general confiscation—that is, we believe always possible by a broad system of perpetual leases, or, as they are all called in Scotland, feus—who will restore obedience in the army by a sufficient but more lenient discipline, and who will abolish once and for ever the system of "administrative punishment," which makes of every official a petty czar. But failing the emergence of a great man, we see no other process than civil war through which order and content can be restored. The people, excited to madness, and with just reason for their excitement, are little likely to give way and submit for another generation or two to a system they have learned to detest. On the other hand, the bureaucracy are as brave as their enemies, and consider the preservation of the "system" a matter of life and death for them. The soldiery are not agreed as to the necessity of mutiny, and the two forces, equally brave and equally strong—for those who adhere to the Government are armed, and their multitudinous opponents are not—must ultimately come into full collision. Then the stronger will win, and as they would in an invasion, and the winners will remake Russia according to their leaders' ideas of what Russia ought to be.

They may make a constitutional Government—though, constitutions do not rise at first out of civil war—or they may make a federal republic, or—and this is one of the probable possibilities—they may make a new monarchy, to be controlled by a new dynasty. The one thing which, as we judge, cannot happen, is a despairing return to the old method. A new spirit has passed into the people, and even the reactionaries perceive that repression will give them only a momentary security. The system which sacrificed everything—freedom, prosperity, and that sense of security that is the charm of civilized life—to external grandeur, perished when that grandeur collapsed under the blows of the Japanese. The birth of the new system is being accomplished amidst horrible agonies, but that it will be accomplished we can feel no reasonable doubt.

One of the evils resulting from a cataclysm such as that from which Chili is now suffering arises from the number of dead bodies inevitably left unburied. The shortest letter which ever appeared in the *London Times* is said to have been as follows, called forth by a discussion of the way in which to make burial harmless: "Sir,—Put quicklime in the coffin.—Yours, etc., —" And that is the plan, simple and direct, at which the rescue parties following earthquakes are apt to plunge, unless a funeral pyre be ordered. The living may—must, in some cases—go with the dead. Less than a quarter of a century ago an earthquake engulfed five thousand people at Ischia, Italy. The Minister of Public Works, fearing pestilence, at once issued instructions to cover the ruins with quicklime. King Humbert, horrified by the order, countermanded it by wire, hurried to the scene, and personally assisted to save alive a great many people who would otherwise have perished as the outcome of the panic-stricken Minister's instructions. But there is a danger from these disasters to the health of the community. When the Yellow River burst its banks nineteen years ago, and, like five Danubies in one, poured from on high for two months on end, millions died. And sound authorities maintain to-day that the terrible epidemics of influenza by which we have since been scourged had their origin in the poisonous organisms given off by that vast host of drowned Celestials.

This is a busy time for the Collinses. In Belleville a boy named Jim Collins threw a cat through a window and spread consternation among the inmates of the household. Jerry Collins threw something into the Liberal camp in London, and has produced even a greater sensation.

The Waterford (Ont.) *Star* has issued an attractive souvenir booklet to commemorate the recent Old Boys' reunion there. It is well printed and profusely illustrated with views of this thriving little town, and portraits of prominent citizens and old boys.

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## THE FAMOUS CLASS OF '95

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

In the history of Toronto University there have been at least two *anni mirabiles*. The first was 1890, the year of the great fire; the second 1895, the year of great and shining lights. The lights are yet shining—in old York and in New York; in Chicago and in Ottawa; in Toronto and in Sarnia; in Regina, Edmonton and California.

The present visit of Mr. Hamar Greenwood to Canada gives some point to a few more or less random remarks about the most famous class in the history of Varsity—the class of '95. I have met most of these characters. They are an original and instructive lot. The class of '95 contains just three sorts of ministers. There is the Cabinet minister, the deputy minister and the minister of the Gospel. Besides, there is one member of the British House of Commons, four authors, one college principal, one superintendent of public instruction, one professor of political economy, one professor of mathematics, one English master, and one lecturer in philosophy. One was also an editor. And the man who persistently beat all his confreres in the political science scholarship races has remained a plain lawyer.

The names of these gentlemen are: T. Hamar Greenwood, now member for ancient York; Charles Cross, Attorney-General for Alberta; William King, Deputy-Minister of Labor at Ottawa; Arthur Stringer, already the author of four books and a poet of fine reputation; Norman Duncan, equally illustrious in letters, and best known as the author of *Dr. Luke of the Labrador*; the late James Tucker, author of many gems of real poetry, and for some years associate editor of *SATURDAY NIGHT*; Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, Principal of St. Andrew's College, Toronto; Charles Megan, Assistant Superintendent of Education in Chicago; Professor Lawson, Professor McDonald (mathematics), and Professor Allin (political economy), both of Leland Stanford University, Cal.; William Mowbray, senior English master at Upper Canada College; Mr. Abbott, lecturer in philosophy at University College; Rev. Jas. Patterson, of the Sarnia Presbyterian Church; Rev. O. B. Wicher, late pastor of the American Presbyterian Church in Kobe, Japan; Robert Chisholm, a frequent contributor to American magazines; and H. A. Clark, member of the firm of Mulock, Lee, Milliken & Clark.

Had these men lived ten years earlier the majority would have taken the classics course. One only tapped the Pierian spring—Mr. Charles Megan. Most of the others took political science, a compromise between the almost pure culture of Greek and Latin, and the growing utilitarianism of applied science and mathematics. A study of the group that graduated just four years later, shows that most of the head men have since drifted into business life. If the '95 group could have been transplanted to the year 1910 the story might have been vastly different. Hamar Greenwood might then have been eligible for the chairmanship of a power commission; Cross might have become a railway manager; Stringer might have become an eminent electrical engineer, and Norman Duncan might have written a book on wireless telegraphy. Men make history, but the times and the customs help to make the men. Had that same group graduated in 1885, James Tucker might have been a professor of classics in an American University and William King might have written a book on rhetoric.

Now there is no way of finding out just what were the early ambitions of all these men. In those days most men at the University had no settled ambition. The commercial idea was not born yet. Matriculants nowadays have a pretty clear idea what they intend to make their money at before they enter the University. These chaps didn't. They were not at college for money's sake. And a peculiar characteristic of all these brainy young Canadians is, that none of them have gone in for the pure making of money.

Twelve miles south of Chatham, Ontario, bowered in a sylvan little paradise on the bank of Lake Erie, stands the quiet cottage of Arthur Stringer. For five summers now Arthur has been summering there. He comes in May with his wife, who is an actress, and who at the close of the season in New York is just as glad as is Arthur to escape the din of Gotham. Having bought fourteen acres, the poet improved a couple of acres and rented the rest. To get to the Stringer habitation you must pass down a real English lane and afterwards jog through another series of lanes among orchards and vineyards. And when at last you find the agreeable recluse he may perchance be hoeing a patch of tomatoes—unless he is tapping a typewriter.

Stringer was born in Chatham, for years more famous for pork than for poetry. His father was a grain and seed merchant. Arthur attended the Chatham Collegiate, afterwards matriculating from London, where he became acquainted with Komoka Junction which figures prominently in his latest book, *The Wire Tappers*. He came to the University in 1893 and registered as a pass student. The handsome young Hercules had a synthetic mind. He ran to style and to rhetoric. He meditated a good deal, played Rugby fairly well, and was eminent in a hustle. His amiable disposition and gentlemanly deportment permitted him to escape making any enemies. When he left the University at the end of his second year and went to Oxford to graduate, it was easily said of him, "*Poeta nascitur non fit*."

On his return from Oxford the stalwart young poet went to Montreal, where, on the staff of the *Herald*, he was known by his fellow-reporters on the hotel register assignment as "Little Artie." He was not famous for digging up "scoops," and soon drifted to Gotham, where he was by turn "flimsy" editor, religious editor, and writer of Sunday specials. Perhaps the best living example in the English tongue of a born poet, Stringer discovered that poetry as a general thing does not pay; therefore he went into writing short stories and books. The past four years he has turned out one book a year besides poems and short stories. Two months ago, on a sultry August afternoon, he finished his latest.

"Just a mushy love story," he said to me that evening as he puffed a Carolina Perfecto. "Nowadays a man must follow the fashions."

There should, however, be some state regulation that would make it possible for a man like Stringer to create a fashion—in poetry; for Stringer's verse, even more than his prose, is the expression of a rare and delightful personality.

Tucker was, in some respects, the most notable figure of '95. The story of his rustication and his subsequent graduation at Leland Stanford is already part of University history. In personal appearance "Jim" was the obverse of Stringer and Greenwood. There wasn't very much of Tucker from the tailor's standpoint; but when you tried to measure his brain and his heart he was a big man. Torturingly frail in physique, Tucker was known at the Owen Sound Collegiate to have the heart of a lion and the spunk of a wildcat. Born in a harbor town, it is almost a wonder he did not take to lake marine. He had the spirit of the mariner; restless, inclined to rove, and eternally independent. But there was a vein of deep poetry in Tucker, as any one may know from reading his book of posthumous poems.

It was Tucker who at Varsity said to the revolutionist party: "Boys, we must hang together or they'll hang us separately." The epigram was not original, but of Tucker quite expressive. He was a born leader, which, when one has a streak of genuine poetry in his makeup, is a hard thing to be on a frail physique.

Tucker entered newspaperdom because he had ideas and liked polemics. On the Owen Sound *Sun* he was aggressive, which is not always a safe thing to be in your home town.

On *SATURDAY NIGHT* his writings stamped him as a man who knew how to think for himself. His paragraphs had an agreeable ease of style and a hard grip of the matter. Nobody except the man himself knew what pangs of body many of them cost him; how day by day the worry of the sanctum rasped on his delicate nerves; of how in his solitary moments, weighted with the sense of his own frailty, he got back to the poetic principle for consolation. He died as fearlessly as he had lived; died drinking the health of his friends in a glass of medicine. Lion-hearted Jim—he was the only man of them all who found life too big a contract.

Cross was always something of an enigma. At Madoc, his native town, he learned a good deal about the mysteries of politics before he ever saw the University. At college he always kept himself aloof except when he was on the lacrosse field. As a student of political science, he neither made nor broke any records. Slim and unobtrusive, with a suggestive sort of laugh when he was amused, Cross made no claim to brilliancy, was not a slave of the lamp, and gave no sign at college that he intended to become one of the makers of Canada.

Charlie was almost through Osgoode before he took any stock in the West; and when he decided to go out to the jumping-off place—which was Edmonton—that country was a huge experiment. The first time I met him he was sitting in his office in that western metropolis, just at the crook in the dog-legged street.

"Pshaw!" remarked Cross, "these people don't believe in eastern hustle on a campaign. It's impossible to get Oliver to think he needs to get out and do things."

Cross has done his share in spreading the microbe of Liberalism. At every organization meeting, no matter how small, he was sure to be present. He never spouted, but in his slow-going speeches he infused an element of lucidity and practical thinking into the nebula. He thought in politics. He took politics to bed with him. If you met Cross mooching up from the river where he had been having a swim, you might conjecture he had been talking politics before he got his clothes on. He is the youngest Attorney-General in Canada. He may yet be Premier.

Duncan was born near Brantford. Reared in so poetic a hill country, Duncan should have been a poet. Some aver that he is—in all but rhythm. His sea tales and his fog and cod stories are full of weird imagery. Duncan was never a cyclone at studies. He liked a good measure of loafing, was rather Bohemian, and had no particular ambition, did not even aspire to be an actor. His examination papers in political science betrayed no remarkable aptitude in style or diction. He got his color from life; much of it from the Syrian colony in New York, which he wrote up for a New York paper while engaged in newspaper work there. His best known work is *Dr. Luke of the Labrador*.

"I have always insisted," said Dr. Grenfell to me, "that Duncan did not take me for the original of Dr. Luke. Still people will have it so."

"What is your opinion of Duncan?" I asked him.

"The man has a mission to perform," he said. "I have great hopes of Duncan. He is not mercenary."

Grenfell ought to know. He gave more of his confidences to Duncan than to any other living man. And it is certain that contact with the jagged edges of the outer world has put a vertebra into Duncan which at college seemed a minus quantity. There is virility in his books and they are a straight call back to nature, not to the pleasant places and the paradises, but the naked certainty of the cod-banks and the fogs.

It was Sir William Mulock who first spoke to me of King. He spoke so eulogistically that it seemed to me the Deputy Minister of Labor must be a prodigy.

"I found grave abuses in the Government contracts for clothing," said Sir William. "I commissioned King to investigate. His report on the sweating system convinced me that I had the man I wanted for the Department of Labor."

King is the son of a lawyer, and also of a University Senator. He had precedent in his favor. Moreover, he was born and schooled in Berlin, which is as thrifty a labor town as can be found on any map. At the University King was not amazingly popular. He had the faculty of making enemies which is sometimes the test of a man's real aggressiveness. "I predict," said one of his classmates vigorously, "that if King is sent to mediate in any big strike, he will amount to just about as much as a tin whistle in a cyclone."

King has since caused some of his classmates to read just their opinions. There never was any poetry in the man, and but few symptoms of literary proclivities. But he had a constructive analytical mind, and was a born worker. He had some training in newspaper work; in fact it was his articles in the *Mail* on the sweating system in Toronto that first brought him into prominence along labor lines. He deserves credit for having selected a line of work which, though it may not be a revenue

producer, will always keep him in touch with industrial and social conditions in Canada.

William Harper never had a chance during the greater part of his life to show precisely what was in him. At Varsity he also had taken the political science course, and incidentally had become intimate with King. When the Department of Labor needed an assistant, Harper was appointed, largely through King's influence. What he might have done, had he lived, no one can tell. The thing he did do, and that raised him to a pitch of great eminence, was done in the last three minutes of his career, and it cost him his life. In trying to save Miss Blair from drowning in the Ottawa River, Harper unknowingly made himself immortal. For that distinguishing act there had been no conscious preparation at the University, except in so far as every true graduate places a premium on real manhood. He might have done the same thing had he never gone to college. And it was well worth King's while to commemorate Harper's life work by writing his little book on heroism.

Rev. Mr. Patterson is very much of a man, and every ounce of his big body is Irish. Somehow, if I was in a jacket from which no lawyer or doctor could extricate me, I think I should prefer this big, genial parson to try a hand. There was never enough theology in Knox College to spoil Patterson. He is a ministerial man of the world—the truly human side. His first school of practical humanity was at a place called Arthur, where he learned that there are more weapons than doctrine with which to fight the devil. He spent some years in this town; in some respects a big man in a little place—just learning things about people. A few years ago he was called out West. He went to Regina. But he never became a Westerner. Sarnia wanted him before he had a chance to get in love with that part of the big wheat-field, and before he had even seen his old classmate Cross. If Patterson keeps moving as rapidly and effectively as he has been doing up to the present, there ought to be a Moderatorship ahead of him somewhere. At the meeting of the General Assembly in London this summer, Patterson was the subject of conversation by two of his confreres.

"Patterson's always moving," said one. "Did you hear the latest? Well, he's got a call in one pocket from Dawson City, and in another a call from Tittimigoosh."

D. Bruce Macdonald has got more into the public eye than any member of the '95 class who remained in the ranks of the schoolmaster. Mr. Macdonald is Principal of St. Andrew's College. He has been particularly successful. There is one difference between being a minister, as Mr. Macdonald was once, and being a Principal, such as he is now. When you are a minister it is not counted good form to advertise. The Principal of St. Andrew's College believes in newspaper publicity and in business system. Having a thoroughly good thing to advertise, he proceeded to let the public know it. He is a man of remarkable executive ability, has the reputation of being something of an educational czar, and has not lost his reputation for sound scholarship. His regime at St. Andrew's has been that of a pushing, practical man who believes that an efficient boys' school in Canada should keep in touch with modern Canadian business conditions. The new St. Andrew's out in Rosedale is the product and the monument of his regime. Mr. Macdonald was also a necessary member of the late University Commission—which is significant when you consider that he belonged to the class of '95.

McDonald took Mathematics. He took it very seriously. He is still in the cloudland of figures, and has written books on higher mathematics which would make some of his old instructors at Varsity sit up nights to comprehend. He is professor at the University of California.

Cephas D. Allin took quite another path to illustrious obscurity. He was another of the political science group, and he hailed from the town of Enterprise, Ont., which in his case proved to be a good thing. Allin has imolated himself on the altar of political economy, on which subject he has written some books, the result of extensive post-graduate researches in England and Germany. He was for a time professor at Leland Stanford.

Rev. O. B. Wicher went still further west; went till he got east again in Japan, where, after his graduation at Knox College, Toronto, he was pastor of the American Presbyterian Church in Kobe. There he was during the first year of the war, and his articles on Japan, written in fine literary style for the *Toronto Globe*, stamped him as a man of shrewd observation and rare culture. Mr. Wicher is now a theological professor in the Southern States.

Charles Megan was the only man of the leading light group who took classics. In this respect he has since been followed by both his brothers, one of whom has since gone into trade journalism, the other into business. Mr. Megan lives in Chicago, and has remained in educational work. He is assistant superintendent of education in that city. His home is in Stratford, Ont.

William Mowbray took Moderns and English. He was born in Kent County, and attended High school at Ridgeway. After graduation from the School of Pedagogy in Toronto, he went as High school master to Arthur, where he renewed acquaintance with his old friend Patterson. Afterwards he went as English master to the Collegiate Institute in Stringer's old town, Chatham. Four years ago he was appointed senior English and assistant house master at Upper Canada College. One of his pupils took first place in the Province in English at the last matriculation examinations.

Robert Chisholm has written frequently for *The Smart Set*, the *Red Book*, and other American magazines. He also took political science and graduated from Osgoode. At Varsity he was a particular friend of Tucker, from whom he may have imbibed a tinge of the Philistinism which makes his literary work original. One thing about Bob was always clearly understood—that he was an unmitigated Tory, just as Cross was an unmitigated Grit.

"And I certainly would like to go out West just for one campaign," said Chisholm vigorously last year to me, "just to chase up Charlie Cross and his Grit scoundrels."

Chisholm is at present in Regina, where he will have a chance to level at a few Western fads, and, if he so desires, to straddle a cayuse, and go away off by himself to an Indian camp and see nature in the rough.

Herbert Clark has never entered public life, and has no desire so to do. His claim to eminence in the class of '95 consisted in his regular annual lambasting of all the other politico-scientists by getting the scholarship. Clark was born near Markham, and entered Varsity from St. Catharines Collegiate Institute.

## THE MOST IMPOSING TOMB IN CANADA

A YEAR ago last spring work was commenced upon the mausoleum being erected by Hon. George A. Cox in Mount Pleasant cemetery. It is now approaching completion, and will be the most imposing and costly tomb in Canada. It stands in the new, or southern, part of Mount Pleasant, and is in the form of a Greek temple, the architecture being pure Greek Doric. The structure is twenty-five feet high, and covers an area thirty-eight feet eight

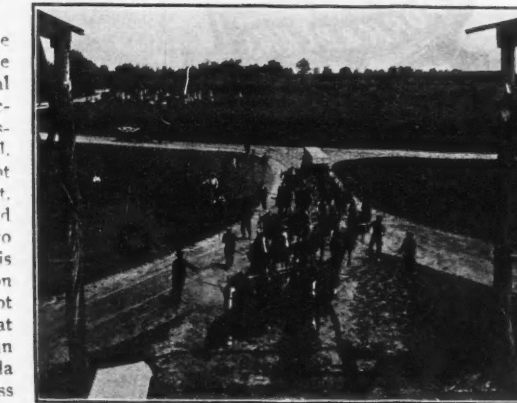


THE COX MAUSOLEUM IN MOUNT PLEASANT CEMETERY.

inches by twenty-six feet. It contains ten carloads of stone. It is built of white granite, most of which was mined at Stanstead, Quebec, and some at Troy, New Hampshire.

The contractors are now working at the roof, which is composed of seven immense blocks of white granite. These blocks are thirty-five feet long, and average in weight twenty-five tons apiece. Three of the seven weigh forty tons in the rough. It takes a year and a half to quarry one of these immense stones, and nine teams of horses are required to draw one.

There is a stained glass window, representing the Resurrection, at the rear of the temple, directly facing the door. It is probably the handsomest and most costly



EIGHTEEN HORSES HAULING ONE OF THE HUGE STONES FOR THE COX MAUSOLEUM. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM THE ROOF OF THE TOMB.

window in Canada, and could not be duplicated much short of \$1,000. The temple contains receptacles for sixteen interments. Its total cost will be \$50,000.

The McIntosh, Gullett Co. are the contractors for the mausoleum, which was designed by Sproatt & Rolph, architects. The firm having the work in charge are meeting with the chief difficulty of construction now in the placing of the huge stones on the roof, and it is possible that the work will not be finished for some months yet.

A despatch from Paris says that at the Academy on September 29, Commandant Esperandieu, director of excavations at Alesia, announced that recent finds had enabled the workers there to reconstruct a hut which had been inhabited by ancient Gauls. These houses were neither of stone nor of thatch, but of terra cotta. The Gauls had made this by placing a two centimetre layer of brick clay on a network body and baking it in a double fire inside and outside simultaneously. Commandant Esperandieu said it was probably that the exterior of the huts was additionally protected by thatch. Among the sculptures recovered are statues of a Gallic chief and a cavalier, and also bas reliefs picturing heads. The Academy has also received an announcement of the discovery at Sousse, in Tunis, by Lieut. Mollier, who is excavating in the catacombs, of an entirely new group of galleries which he explored and found in an excellent state of preservation.

Remarkable figures showing the extent of betting in France, and how the State benefits thereby, are published in the statistics of the French race course for the years 1802-1903. All betting on horses in France is done through the Government institution known as the Paris-Mutuel, which has booths on all race tracks. The business is thus reduced to a system and many abuses avoided. During the period dealt with, the sum passing through the Paris-Mutuel was \$433,609,755, of which the State took its share, amounting to \$14,020,087. Most of this profit is devoted to the support of hospitals, *monts-de-piété* (state pawnshops) and other charitable institutions. Year by year the sums hazarded by Frenchmen on the prowess of horse and jockey have increased.

Dr. Zamenhof is said to wish that he had never invented a new language. When the Esperantist congress broke up, the delegates tried to show their regard for their hero. Hundreds shook his hand, and hundreds more embraced him with every show of affection, and this he bore with exemplary fortitude. But when the Esperantists of the weaker sex insisted on kissing him good-bye, the fortitude that stood by him so well throughout the conference deserted him. The congress, held in Geneva the last week in August, the first international meeting of Esperanto enthusiasts, was attended by five hundred representatives of fifteen nations, including many Americans.

Only three men in the United States surround themselves with bodyguards wherever they go. They are: Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, who is afraid of nothing, but yielded to public desire; John D. Rockefeller, founder of the Standard Oil Company, who is afraid of kidnappers; Henry C. Frick, steel multi-millionaire, who is afraid of anarchists.



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## BOOKS

**A**NOTHER has been added to the list of creditable books written by members of the Canadian colony in New York. "Don-a-Dreams," by Harvey J. O'Higgins, has just been published by the Century Company. It is this young author's first novel, although he has been writing excellent short stories for the leading magazines for five years past. Harvey O'Higgins is a Toronto boy, who began his literary work by publishing stories and humorous sketches in "Saturday Night." Seven years ago he was one of a group of bright reporters on the Toronto "Star," and when the time came around for his fortnight vacation, he went to New York to see if he could "catch on." He did not catch on very well, but he would not let go; he persevered, and he has been successful. "McClure's" says: "No writer has ever portrayed the Irish-American with such insight and truth as Harvey O'Higgins," and promises readers more work from his pen during 1907. The "Century" people put forward his novel prominently, and accord it a degree of praise that it fully merits. "Don-a-Dreams" is a lover, poet; gentle, solitary, as boy and man. His childhood one recognizes from the memory of one's own. His college experience, one feels sure, was had at Toronto University. It was from "Varsity" that the boy with his dreams ventured to New York, where he passed through a long struggle. In writing this story, O'Higgins has not employed any tawdry effects, but has embarked on a sound literary undertaking. It had to be a fine book or nothing, and it is a fine book—true to life, the story of real people, containing the fat and lean of human nature as it is. The publishers say of the book: "If Du Maurier's witchery has ever held you captive, if Barrie's whimsical charm has ever struck a responsive chord, you will fall under the spell of 'Don-a-Dreams.'"

Charles G. D. Roberts' latest novel, "The Heart that Knows," a Canadian edition of which has just been issued by the Copp, Clark Company, is a Canadian story. The scene is laid in New Brunswick, by Tantramar, at the head of the Bay of Fundy, and the people who move in the pages of the book are the simple fisher-folk of one of the little coast villages. The tale is not a romance of compelling charm like "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle" or "The Forge in the Forest," but a simple story of homely life, convincingly told. Indeed, as a story strong in human interest, it is one of the best Mr. Roberts has given us. It deals with the desertion of a trusting, winsome girl by her lover, through the malicious intriguing of another girl, and her subsequent terrible struggle to keep her spirit unbroken against the merciless persecution that one in such a position must endure in a small, self-centered community. The story is told with unusual daring, and the life and spirit of the village, which is typical of all villages, is depicted with sureness and fidelity. Those who have lived in a small community can appreciate to the full the life-like picture Mr. Roberts draws of the "collective village eye" and the insatiable village appetite for scandal. The tale is not one of morbidity, however. The wisdom of the heart, counselling braveheartedness and trust, eventually leads to a happy conclusion. Neither are all the villagers petty, mean and picaresque characters. There are the rector and his wife, who are big-hearted and fine in their sympathies and understanding, and other men and women who are above all pettiness, wholesome and lovable.

Mr. Roberts is a fine literary craftsman, and in "The Heart that Knows" his touch is as graceful and delicate as ever. Here is the way he introduces "Luella Warden," the heroine of the story:

An unrelenting wind, blowing down the vast and solitary green levels of Tantramar, bowed all one way the deep June grasses over the miles and miles of marsh. A tall girl, standing alone on the crest of the dyke—the one human figure visible in the wide, bright-colored emptiness of the morning—caught its full force and braced herself steadily against it. It flapped the starched wings of her deep white sunbonnet across her face, twitched out a heavy streamer of her flax-blond hair, and pressed her thin, blue and white calico gown close upon the tenderly rounded lines of her slim young figure. The soft, insistent noise of it, mingled with the sound of the shallow dancing waves that swept along past the dyke-front, confused her ears and partly numbed her thought. But her eyes, which were large and of a peculiarly positive porcelain blue, were fixed with anxious strain upon a ship riding at anchor far out across the yellow waves. That ship, a black-hulled barquette on the yards of whose foremast the white sails were being broken out, was evidently the one thing her eyes took note of in all the spacious scene.

Having plunged into it, the charm of the narration, with its dramatic force, and occasional touch of humor, carries one on to the end. But not until the book is laid down is one struck by its strong purposefulness. "The Heart that Knows" is, however, a story distinctively for the discriminating, rather than the casual, reader.

Norman Duncan's conceded literary ability has never received a more genuine recognition than the immediate success which has followed the publication of "The Adventures of Billy Topsail." The publisher awoke this week to find a second edition imperative and a third in sight. "Billy Topsail" is a rugged lad of the North

coast, that Mr. Duncan knows so well. His adventures are with seals, whales, icebergs, Eskimo dogs, and the varied incidents of that essentially adventurous life. It is strange that no one, not even the author, suspected that what has been done for the islands of the warm South seas could be equalled by the rugged North coast.

A very sensational story is "Blindfolded," by Earle Ashley Walcott, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. The hero goes to San Francisco to meet a young relative to whom he bears a remarkable resemblance, and who is assassinated the same evening. The stranger becomes involved in a series of tragic adventures without knowing what it all means. A reader who wants to plunge into sensational adventure of the dime novel kind will find this book the very thing.

### CANADIAN WOMAN RANCHER.

**W**ITH the arrival of the steamship "Montcalm" at Avonmouth from Montreal, says the London "Tribune," came the news of an experiment which Lady Ernestine Hunt, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Ailesbury, has undertaken. Lady Ernestine Hunt has started a horse ranch at Calgary, Alberta, on a stretch of land between 30,000 and 40,000 acres in extent, and she has personally supervised the conveyance of seventeen of the horses to England. From Bristol the animals will be transhipped to Dublin, where they will be broken in and sold.

The horses are still in a half-wild state, and throughout the voyage across the Atlantic Lady Ernestine Hunt had little or no assistance in their management. The result was that on one or two nights she had to give up her rest. That she has succeeded in winning the confidence of the animals was proved by her ability to touch them without fear, although the deckhands found it expedient to keep at a safe distance.

Lady Ernestine Hunt says she is the first woman who has ever brought live stock across the Western ocean by herself, and she pays a tribute to the cattlemen, who are, in her opinion, a much maligned class.

"Since I was twenty years of age," added her ladyship, "I have been facing the battle of life by myself. As long as I can remember I have had a roving disposition, and have been fond of two things—horses and the sea. By the time I was 24 I had been around the Horn, and I was a night staff nurse of Krugersdorp at the time of the Jameson raid. A few months later I went to Australia in a sailing boat, returning in another sailer. When I got back I applied for a master's certificate at Liverpool, but was refused permission to sit for the examination because I was a woman."

"For two years I remained in Ireland, and then I sailed with my husband, who was a mate in the merchant service, to Nagasaki. For five months we cruised in Japanese waters, visiting many places never before visited by Europeans. Upon my return I was a nurse at Liverpool and the Dudley Guest Hospital, Worcestershire. For the last two are three years I have been living in Ireland, training privately a few steeplechasers. Three months ago I went to Canada with a perfectly open mind, but possessed with a vague idea of starting a ranch. The whole affair is in its infancy, but things will be on a much bigger scale before long."

### A STORY OF LOUIS LOUIS.

**P**RINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBURG, whose attack of lumbago kept him aboard his ship during the late visit of the Atlantic fleet to Lough Swilly, has vivid memories of another Irish visit and of some Irish adventures which to this day rouse many a laugh. His ship on one occasion was in the Shannon, and he took the opportunity of running over to Killkee. He was entirely alone, his only immediate being a leather suitcase and a fur rug. These he deposited in an hotel, after engaging his room, and then went for a stroll through the quaint little town. On his return he found that one of the two beds in his room was already occupied by a fat man, who had made the best of his time and was easily snoring.

Prince Louis went to the manageress and mildly asked for a room to himself. To his dismay, the woman rapped out at him with great vigor, and wound up by asking: "An' who are you to object to the holy man of God in your room? 'Tis a priest that he is! No less! An' as for yourself, . . . so be as you may have climbed to the post of a traveller, ye might be honored at sharing a room with the Father!" The quiet-voiced Prince replied that it might be all very true, but even so he would like a room to himself! The old woman had never known a commercial traveller prove so "demanding" before. But a room could be had, she said, in a cottage over the way, and there he might sleep if he was too "saucy" to share the more comfortable chamber with the priest.

When the Prince signed his name in the visitors' book in the morning there was indeed horror and consternation. The actual relationship

to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland was not to be exactly grasped, but "Louis of Battenburg" was certainly "son-in-law or something." Would Her Majesty have the manageress arrested for being impertinent to her relative? Visions of the county jail, or possibly the Tower of London, loomed on her swift imagination. The manageress subsided on the kitchen settle, with her apron thrown over her head, and sobbed loud and long. "Sure it's destroyed I am; and that intirely!" A gold piece left for the fat priest's poor-box somewhat changed the complexion of things. But after all it was only Prince Louis who laughed over the story of the double-bedded room in the hotel at Killkee.

### The Mill on the Yare.

One with legend and the past;  
Every beam and every board  
Touched by the iconoclast  
Time, more potent than the sword;  
Crumbling, and yet strangely fair,  
Stands the old mill on the Yare.

There are vines that love it well—  
Ivy and the clematis;  
Dips and droops the foxglove bell  
Where the weir's clear margin is;  
And the iris leaneth the Yare.  
By the old mill on the Yare.

Lifting the waters all day long  
Meet in silver melody;  
While there mounts the plaintiff song  
Of the throstle in the tree;  
And the skylark charms the air  
O'er the old mill on the Yare.

Cross the lintel. From the flume  
Drones the mill wheel dull and low;  
Through the dense and dusty gloom  
Plods the miller, grave and slow;  
And he seems his years to wear  
Like the old mill on the Yare.

Here is patience; here is peace;  
Ah, I would my days might run  
To the hour of long release  
From all toil beneath the sun.  
Dreamily as they do there  
In the old mill on the Yare.

### Handicapped.

"Can't you find any work at all?" asked the kind lady of Frayed Franklin.  
"Plenty, mum. But everybody wants references from me last employer."  
"Can't you get them?"  
"No, mum. He's been dead 28 years."—Milwaukee "Sentinel."

### Sure Cure.

Anxious Parent—Doctor, my daughter appears to be going blind, and she is about to be married.  
Doctor—Let her go right on with the wedding. If anything can open her eyes, marriage will.—"Stray Stories."

Through Chicago Sleeper at 11.20 p.m.  
A convenient hour to leave Toronto for Chicago. Secure tickets and make Pullman reservations at Grand Trunk City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

There will always be more bricklayers than architects.—"Life."

## United Empire Bank of Canada

—HEAD OFFICE—

CORNER YONGE AND FRONT STREETS  
TORONTO

**IDLE MONEY**—Funds awaiting investment, accounts of individuals, firms, corporations, fraternal organizations, charitable associations and ecclesiastical societies are invited. Careful and painstaking attention is given to all accounts, whether large or small.

GEORGE P. REID,  
General Manager.

## FIT FOR A PRINCE

Codou's French Macaroni  
Codou's French Vermicelli

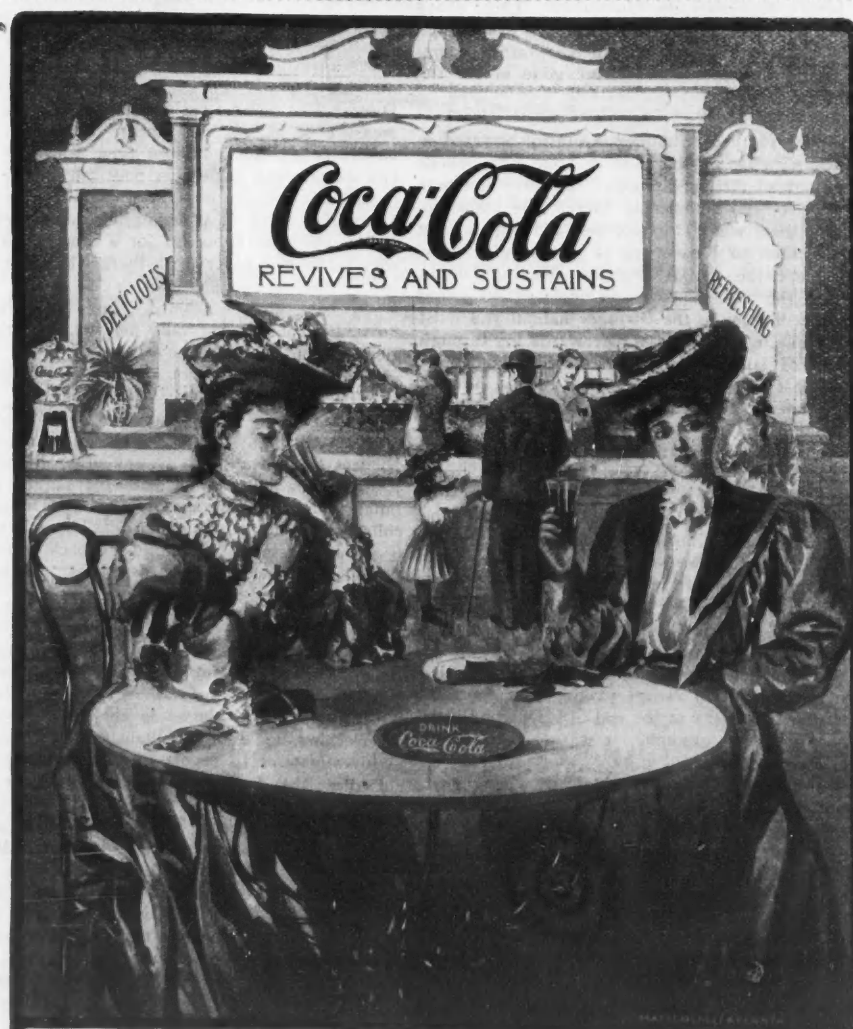
The finest quality made—ask your grocer for it  
ALL BEST DEALERS SELL IT

## JENKINS' ANTIQUES.

### Antique Furniture

Lovers of Antique and High Class Furniture will be well rewarded if they pay a visit to our premises. There they will find an assortment of the choicest specimens of genuine antiques that have ever been collected together.

**B. M. & T. Jenkins**  
422-424 Yonge Street  
Toronto



**Take one glass of Coca Cola when weary with shopping. It imparts energy and vigor**

## Your F

A savings makes your future, with the present.  
Deposits received.

## The Sovereign

Main Office  
Market Branch

## ATLANTIC ST. OF THE CANADIAN ROYAL MAIL—FINEST AND "EMPRE"

FROM MONTREAL  
LIVERPOOL

"LAKE ERIE," Sept. 29.  
"EMPEROR OF IRELAND,"  
"LAKE MANITOBA," Oct.  
"EMPEROR OF BRITAIN,"  
"LAKE CHAMPLAIN,"  
1st. cabin \$65.00 and  
steamer, one-class at  
\$42.50; 2nd cabin \$40.00  
\$28.75. Apply at once for  
descriptive of our super  
dation.

FROM MONTREAL  
DIRE

"MONTROSE," Sept. 3.  
only \$40.00.  
"MOUNT TEMPLE," Oct.  
3rd class, \$40 and \$20  
Apply for complete sail  
S. J. SHARP, V.  
Phone Main 2500.

## R & O

3.30 Daily  
3 P.M. 24.  
last  
29.  
1000 Islands, Rapi  
Murray Bay, Ta  
River.

Low Round  
1000 Islan

Until end of Seas  
ing on same Stea

4.30 Tu  
4 P.M. M  
di

For further  
any R. & O. tic  
Foster Chaffee  
Agent, Toronto

Agent, Toronto

Agent, Toronto

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Agent, Toronto



## Your Future Assured

A savings account in The Sovereign Bank makes you happily independent of the future, which keeps you from worry in the present. Open a savings account to-day.

Deposits of from \$1.00 and upwards received. Interest paid 4 times a year.

## The Sovereign Bank of Canada

Main Office ..... 28 King Street West.  
Market Branch ..... 168 King Street East.

## ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. ROYAL MAIL SERVICE FINEST AND FASTEST "EMPRESSES"

FROM MONTREAL AND QUEBEC TO  
LIVERPOOL.

"LAKE ERIE," Sept. 29th and Nov. 10th.  
"EMPEROR OF IRON," Oct. 5th, Nov. 2nd,  
"EMPEROR OF IRON," Oct. 13th.  
"EMPEROR OF IRON," Oct. 19th, Nov. 16th.  
"LAKE CHAMPLAIN," Oct. 27th.  
1st cabin \$65.00 and upwards; according to  
steamer; one-class steamers (intermediate)  
\$42.50; 2nd cabin \$40.00 up; 3rd class \$26.50  
and \$28.75. Apply at once for our illustrated booklet  
descriptive of our superior 3rd class accommo-  
dation.

FROM MONTREAL TO LONDON  
DIRECT.

"MONTROSE," Sept. 30th, carrying 2nd. cabin  
only, \$40.00.  
"MOUNT TEMPLE," Oct. 21st, carrying 2nd. and  
3rd class, \$40 and \$26.50.  
Apply for complete sailings.

S. J. SHARP, Western Pass. Agent,  
Phone Main 2990. 80 Yonge Street, Toronto

**TICKET OFFICE**  
R&O 2 King St. East

**3.30 P.M.** Daily except Sunday till  
Sept. 22. Monday Sept. 24, Wednesday Sept. 26,  
last trip Saturday Sept. 29, 1906, for Rochester,  
1000 Islands, Rapids, Montreal, Quebec,  
Murray Bay, Tadoussac and Saguenay  
River.

## Low Round Trip Fares 1000 Islands, Prescott

Until end of Season going and Return-  
ing on same Steamer.

**4.30 P.M.** Tuesdays, Thursdays and  
Saturdays. Bay of Quinte,  
Montreal, and interme-  
diate ports.

For further information apply to  
any R. & O. ticket offices or write H.  
Foster Chaffee, Western Passenger  
Agent, Toronto.

**SEASON NOW OPEN FOR PARTRIDGE**

Many first-rate covers are found near the C.P.R. line, east of Toronto, particularly on the Kawartha Lakes branch. A visit with gun and dog to this locality are certain to be well worth while.

Write for copies of  
"FISHING AND SHOOTING,"  
"OPEN SEASONS," and  
"GAME LAWS,"

Sent free by  
**C. B. FOSTER,**  
District Passenger Agent, C. P. R.,  
TORONTO.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**  
**SINGLE FARE FOR HUNTERS**  
Going Oct. 9th to Nov. 6th  
To points in Temagami, points Mat-  
taw to Port Arthur, to Sault Ste.  
Marie and Port Arthur via N. N. Co.;  
to Georgian Bay and Lake Superior  
points via N. N. Co. (to points on  
N. N. Co. extra charge will be made  
for meals and berths returning); to  
certain Quebec points.

Going Oct. 25th to Nov. 6th  
To Penetang, Midland, Lakefield, all  
points Severn to North Bay, Argyle  
to Cobocook, Lindsay to Haliburton,  
Madawaska to Depot Harbor, Mus-  
koka Lakes, Lake of Bays and Mag-  
netawan River points.

RETURN LIMIT, DEC. 8, 1906.

**SINGLE FARE FOR THANKSGIVING DAY**  
Going October 17th and 18th  
Return Limit—October 22nd  
Between all stations in Canada; also  
to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich.  
Suspension Bridge and Buffalo, N.Y.  
For tickets and full information call at City  
Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge  
Streets.

emerged into summer dazed and de-  
moralized. Yet to-day they delight  
to dwell upon the story of the wreck  
of the "John Knox," to point out the  
rocks that cut and pierced and gashed  
her sides, to laugh at some of the  
grim humor of those difficult burials,  
and of the too-late visit of the offi-  
cers of the law, who failed to trace  
the cargo, down the "Red Lane!"

Just as a contrast, hear the prayer  
of a little child, as she fixed her soft  
brown eyes on a face that she loved,  
and nestled to the heart that had  
learned to love her. "An' every day,  
God bless my dearest, an' every night  
two angels by her bed, an' the sea to  
shine warm on she, an' the sea to be  
smooth for she, an' cake for she to  
eat, forever and ever—Amen!" Which  
was given a "tiger" by scapegrace  
Harry, "Cake an' lasses, too, an' a  
chocolate bar, Amen!" and all the  
little voices, unconscious of aught but  
a good prayer for the lady, murmuring  
with a sincerity above suspicion—  
"Aw, yis, that's it!"

LADY GAY.

Lovers of curios and antiques  
should visit the reception-room of the  
Dutch Studio, at 318 Yonge street,  
in which a cabinet contains a unique  
and rare collection of Dutch oddities  
and relics. Among them are found  
relics of Napoleon I., silver spoons of  
the year 1684, tile work of the year  
1500, and silver articles two and three  
hundred years old. This valuable  
collection is not for sale, but Mr. Van  
der Feen will be pleased to show the  
above to visitors to the Studio.

**Correspondence Column**

The above Column must accompany every  
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-  
quests respondents to observe the follow-  
ing Rules: 1. Graphological studies must  
consist of at least six lines of original matter,  
including several capital letters. 2. Letters  
will be answered in their order, unless under  
unusual circumstances. Correspondents need  
not take up their own and the Editor's time  
by writing reminders and requests for haste.  
3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not  
studied. 4. Please address Correspondence  
Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by  
Coupon are not studied.

**Algonquin Park.**—The column soon  
disappeared after your query, and the  
vacation was in full swing. No time  
to go your way, friend; too much do-  
ing down East. Next summer re-  
mind me of the Park, and I'll do my  
best to reach it. August 29, as you  
know, probably, brings you under  
Virgo, an earth sign, prone to the  
sort of fix you are in, and with a  
natural turn to materialism. Let me  
prophecy—the end of the half century  
will see you grown comfortably stout,  
a family man with some standing in  
the community, good capacity for  
work, domestic tastes and a generally  
easy way of taking life. The platitu-  
de that if one doesn't heed con-  
science, life will prove a slip, isn't  
worthy of you. My idea of a success-  
ful life is to learn in it what really  
helps and worth while—so few things  
are. Worry over the Eternal Question  
is not one of them. If I am not mis-  
taken, little things you are apt to  
overlook are really forming you for  
good or evil. It is very evident in  
your writing that they are not consid-  
ered by you, though you are the type  
they usually mould.

Toodles.—Excuse me yet a while.  
Your writing isn't formed enough for  
a satisfactory delineation.

**Alberta.**—The verse you wish for is  
probably this: "There is so much  
good in the worst of us, and so much  
bad in the best of us, that it ill be-  
comes anyone of us to be finding fault  
with the rest of us." Paste it in your  
hat, me broncho. "Twill often soften  
your criticism and make it fairer."

J. E. W.—Concentration, imaginative  
faculty, good initiative and tire-  
less energy; of methodical and critical  
turn, alive to beauty and original in  
conception and views of life and its  
obligations. Writer is constant, tena-  
cious, cultured and reserved, with per-  
sonal pride and a pessimistic trend;  
in some ways very adaptable, in others  
self-willed and even obstinate. A  
strong character, likely to follow its  
own ends and bid the world go hand.  
There is possibility of clever and  
valuable work. Withal, writer may  
easily be a dreamer of dreams.

Sally D.—January 22 brings you under  
Aquarius, an air sign, ruling from  
January 20 to February 19. I think  
you referred to Lady Gay's column.  
Not the one you mentioned, but being  
an Aquarius of only partial develop-  
ment, you must be excused a little  
carelessness. Your writing is unde-  
cided and variable in impulse, like  
your native element, but the trend is  
generally optimistic and full of pleas-  
ant graciousness. You are generally  
quick and clear of apprehension, and  
have natural discrimination; absorb  
impressions and information greedily  
and swiftly; have capacity for affec-  
tion and good observation. Aquarius  
is the sign of wasted opportunities,  
its people being often indifferent to  
their great gifts and possibilities. I  
fancy you have the ambition to ad-  
vance, as you certainly have the  
power, and I am sure your statement  
that you have always been able to  
make friends is strictly true.

Dolly Dimples.—You will need at  
least one white dress, preferably a  
point d'esprit, with bebe ribbon, as  
you are small and fair, a pale blue

would also become you, and a black  
crepe de soie with a removable  
guimpe and half-sleeves of net or  
chiffon. Half a dozen pretty blouses,  
of thin silk or fine mull and lace, one  
allover lace, and such trim, neat  
skirts as should go with them. A  
tweed suit for morning walks and a  
fine cloth suit in some pale tint to  
suit your complexion, with one dark skirt  
and coat for dull days, should be  
enough for your first winter in the  
way of dresses. Hats and gloves and  
shoes count up. I fancy, with care,  
fifty dollars should get them. Do not  
get a Queen Anne hat and Mary Ann  
boots, such as one occasionally sees  
on careless girls.

Sapphire.—I trust you were not  
greatly disappointed in the account  
of those travels. You see, there was  
so much that was personal and could  
not be made copy of! I hope the  
writer of the enclosed study didn't  
write it all at once. It might have  
given him a cramp. It's six lines, not  
six words, I'm asking for! Your own  
lines are charming, spontaneous, but  
with a dignity which repels aggres-  
sion, bright and practical but un-  
conventional, affectionate, tenacious,  
level-headed, frank and independent.  
October 24 makes you a Scorpio child,  
with the power of old ocean at your  
back. You have the most gracious  
and winning ways and are the child  
of nature in one of her best moods. I  
do not often "wonder who you are"  
like the "twinkle-twinkle" song, but  
this time I catch myself wondering if,  
nay, believing, that I know you!

Sydney Hiram.—Of course you  
know you're clever and have achieved  
several of your ambitions. You are  
strongly individualistic, really full of  
sympathetic feeling, for which you  
rarely get credit. If you burst forth  
into Greek, I shouldn't be surprised,  
or rushed into Latin, for you have a  
certain classic turn about you. There  
is thought and some experience in  
your scrawl study, but two capitals  
are little to draw character from!  
Why so giggly?

Bohemian.—I've done you before.  
Will look it up for you.

Acushla.—You say "Please study  
enclosed," and send me a blank sheet  
of paper. I am glad the other study  
seemed so accurate to you. I can as-  
sure you it gave me a bad quarter of  
an hour. Such a man! How do you  
keep him in order?

Poll Pry.—There is absolutely not  
an atom of truth in your story. So  
far from it that I am as fond of the  
lady as of a dear sister, and I say,  
with modest belief in her statements,  
that she regards me as a loyal and  
sincere friend. Now, will you please  
go to—the furnace-room? I believe  
you've made the whole miserable yarn  
up to draw me. But your Aunt  
wasn't born yesterday, and knows the  
print of a cloven hoof when she sees  
it. Get along, woman—be ashamed,  
do now!

Aquafortis.—I answer you out of  
turn because I want to tell you its  
too late for the Labrador trip. The  
"Virginia Lake" doesn't make the trip  
so late in the year. Maybe it'll be  
snowing up at Hopedale and Nain this  
week. The best time to go up is in  
July or the beginning of August. There  
is a boat excursion from Montreal  
to St. John's, Newfoundland, and re-  
turn every two or three weeks through  
the summer. It is an eighteen days'  
trip, very nicely fitted steamers and  
the cost is only fifty dollars. We'll  
get an ad. out of them next May, and  
you'll see all about it. The quickest  
way to get the Labrador boat is via  
the I.C.R., Montreal to Sydney, C.B.,  
cross to Newfoundland by steamer  
"Bruce," and take the railway across  
to St. John's.

**Politeness Rewards.**  
A young man in the neckwear de-  
partment of Marshall Field & Com-  
pany, who had been with the firm  
but a short time, was one day wait-  
ing on a customer who seemed to be  
unusually hard to please. The would-  
be purchaser, who was a handsome,  
elderly man, tossed the ties about and  
seemed to desire any shade and style  
save those offered for his approval.

**RIGHT HOME.**  
Doctor Recommends Postum from  
Personal Test.

No one is better able to realize the  
injurious action of caffeine—the drug  
in coffee—on the heart, than the doc-  
tor.

When the doctor himself has been  
relieved by simply leaving off coffee  
and using Postum, he can refer with  
full conviction to his own case.

A Mo. physician prescribes Postum  
for many of his patients because he  
was benefited by it. He says:  
"I wish to add my testimony in re-  
gard to that excellent preparation—  
Postum. I have had functional or  
nervous heart trouble for over 15  
years, and part of the time was un-  
able to attend to my business."

"I was a moderate user of coffee  
and did not think drinking it hurt  
me. But on stopping it and using  
Postum instead, my heart has got all  
right, and I ascribe it to the change  
from coffee to Postum."

"I am prescribing it now in cases  
of sickness, especially when coffee  
does not agree, & affects the heart,  
nerves or stomach."

"When made right it has a much  
better flavor than coffee, and is a  
vital sustainer of the system. I shall  
continue to recommend it to our peo-  
ple, and I have my own case to refer  
to." Name given by Postum Co.,  
Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little  
book, "The Road to Wellville," in  
packages. "There's a reason."

## Perfect Satisfaction

In Every Cup of

# "SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Unsurpassed for Quality and Flavor  
Lead Packets Only. At All Grocers  
Try the Gold Label—60c per lb.



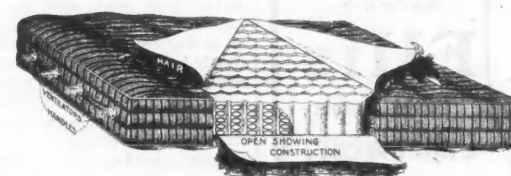
Best Quality  
**COAL AND WOOD**

OFFICES

**3 KING EAST**  
415 YONGE STREET  
783 YONGE STREET  
576 QUEEN STREET WEST  
1308 QUEEN STREET WEST  
415 SPADINA AVENUE  
306 QUEEN STREET EAST  
732 QUEEN EAST  
204 WELLESLEY STREET  
ESPLANADE EAST Near Bessley Street  
ESPLANADE EAST Foot of Church Street  
BATHURST STREET Opposite Front Street  
PAPE AVENUE At G. T. R. Crossing  
YONGE STREET At C. P. R. Crossing  
LANSDOWNE AVENUE Near Dundas Street  
COR. HAMBURG AV. AND BLOOR STREET.

## THE ELIAS ROGERS CO. LIMITED

Avoid Dirt, Disease, and Perhaps Death



If you use a Marshall Sanitary Ventilated Mattress you  
have the satisfaction of knowing you are using the best,  
most comfortable, and the only sanitary ventilated mat-  
tress in the world. Don't be humbugged by your dealer  
telling you he can sell you one just as good for less  
money. He can't do it. The Marshall Sanitary Mattress is in  
a class by itself, and insist on having one. You are just  
as much entitled to the best as anyone else, and we guar-  
antee them for five years. They cannot sag in the centre  
like other mattresses, or get hard; they are always soft  
and luxurious. We sell direct or through all reliable  
dealers in Canada.

## The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co., Limited

261 King Street West, Toronto.

The salesman patiently displayed a  
varied assortment of the goods, deftly  
knotting the ties and holding them  
out to show the effect and the  
shimmer of the satin or the silk,  
searching through boxes for the de-  
sired colors, and in spite of the some-  
what captious manner of the custo-  
mer, never for a moment lost his  
smiling good-nature. Finally a half-  
dozen ties were selected, and, with  
waiting pencil, the clerk asked the  
usual question:  
"Cash or charge?"  
"Charge," replied the gray-haired  
man.  
"What name, please?"  
"Marshall Field."

The new salesman almost gasped  
with astonishment, and he probably  
does not know to this day that his  
subsequent promotion was owing to  
his sincere politeness and patient en-  
deavor to serve his employer, and to  
please his customer, who, of course,  
in this case proved to be one and the  
same person.

**He Dodged.**

It is said of a noted Virginian  
judge that in a pinch he always came  
out ahead. An incident of his child-  
hood might go to prove this.

"Well, Benny," said his father when  
the lad had been going to school  
about a month, "what did you learn  
to-day?"

"About the mouse, father."  
"Spell mouse?" his father asked.  
After a little pause Benny answered:  
"Father, I don't believe it was a  
mouse after all; it was a rat."—Sep-  
tember "Lippincott's."

**Educational Progress.**

Dancing is to be taught in the pub-  
lic schools of Cleveland. Now if the  
school commissioners will look kindly  
on bridge whist, a liberal education  
will be within the reach of every  
child.—Pittsburg "Gazette."

**On the Streets of Tokio.**

A curious sight in the streets of  
Tokio is to see an old man seated on  
a smooth piece of ground, having  
round him little piles of sand of dif-  
ferent colors, red, blue, yellow, black,  
and so on. Placing a pinch from each  
pile in his right hand, he will draw  
on the smooth ground the figure of  
a man or woman, the dress all proper-

ly coloured by the sand trickling  
through his fingers. It is done with  
great rapidity and remarkable dex-  
terity.

**The Fatted Calf.**

As the Fatted Calf beheld the Father's  
Axe about to fall,  
To convert him into Cutlets for the  
Homing Prodigal,  
"Why kill one Calf," he cried, "to  
furnish Welcome for the Other?  
Pshaw! you lack a Sense of Humor,  
thus to slay me for my Bro-  
ther!"  
—Edith Macvane, in October "Smart  
Set."

**Some Advantage.**

"I suppose you were disappointed  
in having your exploring trip termi-  
nated so abruptly."  
"Yes," answered the Arctic voyager.  
"But there are compensating advan-  
tages. It will enable my publisher  
to get my book out that much earlier."  
—Washington "Star."

**Independence.**

"Dr. Bessem is once more among us  
for a brief season," wrote the chroni-  
cler of Northby's social and religious  
life. "He says and does exactly as  
he thinks right, without regard to the  
opinion or belief of others."  
"YOUTH'S COMPANION."

**Liqueur des Peres Chartreux.**  
The Chartreux Father's Liqueur  
Manufactured at  
Tarragona (Spain).  
**AFTER YOUR MEAL**  
take a glass of this de-  
licious liqueur and you  
will be assured of per-  
fect digestion.  
**BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES**  
See that you get the  
bottle of which we give  
fac simile here.  
**D. MABSON & CO.**  
Sole Agents, Montreal



"Queen of Instruments."  
"Prince of Pianos."  
"Noblest Roman of All."  
"At the Top."

So people describe the

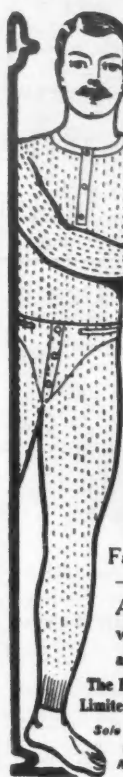
## Heintzman & Co. Piano

(Made by the Old Firm of  
Heintzman & Co., Limited)

And it merits the highest  
praise.

"Excels any piano I have  
ever used."—Albani.

Piano Saloon, 115-117 King  
Street West, Toronto, Can.



Ellis Unshrinkable  
Spring Needle Ribbed  
Underwear is elastic  
till worn out. Each  
stitch—  
the same  
length and  
strength—yields  
quickly—springs  
back instantly.  
Ask for it—  
**Ellis**  
Unshrinkable  
Underwear.  
Fall and Winter weights  
—for men and women.  
Ask your dealer—and  
write for sample of fabric  
and booklet.  
The Ellis Manufacturing Co.,  
Limited, Hamilton, Ont.  
Sole makers in Canada  
of Spring Needle  
Ribbed Underwear.

## SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinees Daily 25c  
Week of Oct. 1  
Evenings 25 & 50c

Vaudeville's Greatest Musical  
Feature,  
**8—Zingari Troupe—8**

A Picture of Gypsy Life.  
SEYMOUR & HILL,  
The Mix and the Mixer.  
EGBERT—VAN ALSTYNE  
& HENRY—LOUISE  
Introducing Skinner's "Gal Sol."

Gertrude Caryl  
**MANSFIELD & WILBUR**

Presenting "61 Prospect St."  
WELCH, MEALY & MONTROSE,  
Comedy Acrobats.  
TAYLOR HOLMES,  
With His New Monologue.  
THE KINETOGRAPH,  
New Pictures.  
Special Extra Attraction.

**The Toozoonin Arabs**  
Sensational Oriental Acrobats.

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Wednesday—MATINEES—Saturday

THIS SEASON'S MUSICAL  
COMEDY SUCCESS

## THE GIRL FROM BROADWAY

Picturesque Costumes  
Elaborate Scenery  
Beautiful Effects

24--New Song Hits--24

Select Cast of Principals

MR. EDWARD BRANSCOMBE'S  
**WESTMINSTER ABBEY CHOIR**

GLEE AND CONCERT PARTY

Eleven notable artists, including the wonderful  
nine-year-old soprano boy, ALBERT HOLE, the  
famous contralto, MARIE HOOTEN; the hum-  
orous musical artist, HARRY IVIMY.

MASSEY HALL, AFTERNOON SATURDAY, OCT. 6

Evening Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c.  
Special Children's Matinee, 2.30.

Soprano boys in nursery rhymes, male quart-  
ette in humorous catches, amusing old-time  
ballads, and diverting musical sketches.  
Children 15c. Adults, 25c.  
Sale of seats begins Wednesday morning.

## THE DRAMA

THE attraction at the Princess on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of next week will be "The Gingerbread Man." This rollicking and very meritorious musical extravaganza was given its initial performance last year at the Princess. It deservedly made a hit and has enjoyed such a measure of success that it is being presented this season by the same company, and promises to outlive most of the light comedies which have been tried on the public during the past season or two. After the distressful burlesque, "The House of Mirth" being played by a collection of incompetents at the Princess this week, "The Gingerbread Man" will be welcome indeed. Mr. Ross Snow will again appear as "Mrs. Santa Claus," a sort of eccentric fairy godmother, who instead of reciting blank verse from the center of the spot-light as fairy queens are supposed to do, provokes much mirth by making vain attempts at graceful dancing. "John Dough," the popular song of "The Gingerbread Man," will probably be much whistled again in town next week.

For the latter half of the coming week Wilfrid North will bring to the Princess a cleverly mounted revival of the well-known comedy of English college life, "Charley's Aunt," with Etienne Girardot, the clever comedian, in his original creation of "Lord Fancourt Babberley," which was pronounced by leading critics when the merry play was first seen in this country as being a most artistic piece of work. Mr. Girardot will be ably assisted by a competent company of comedians, including Henry Warwick, Sol Aiken, Frank Hollins, Galloway Herbert, Jacques Martin, John Norris, Nina Herbert, Pauline Neff, Helena Byrne and Alice Martin.



GERTRUDE ZIMMER  
Who will play "Mazie Bon-Bon," in "The Gingerbread Man," at the Princess next week.

"Charley's Aunt" will undoubtedly draw well, for its clean humor and contagious comedy is of the kind to make popular a production of this character. There is scarcely a theatergoer in the land who has not heard or seen "Charley's Aunt," and no doubt many who have enjoyed witnessing it will be glad of the opportunity of seeing it again. The same scenery and paraphernalia used during its memorable revival in New York last spring will be used in its production here.

A new musical comedy, "The Girl from Broadway," comes to the Grand next week and rumor has it that it is one of the best offerings of the sort to be presented this season. The story is said to be a fascinating one, and is laid in that mystic region, the dressing tent with a big modern circus, which, by the way, has been playing in hard luck and has fallen into the hands of a pawnbroker, who makes a sad mess of running the show and gets woefully tangled in a love affair with the charming lady bareback rider. The latter, is the heroine of the story, and turns out

to be the long lost heiress for whom a greedy aunt and an equally greedy and unscrupulous lawyer are searching. Finding that the girl has a will of her own and stands in a way to cut off their share of the fortune, they substitute a bogus heiress, causing the real owner of the money to run away and join a gypsy band where she is discovered after an exciting chase by her sweetheart, and restored to her



GRACE EDMOND  
Playing the title role in "The Girl from Broadway" at the Grand next week.

rights. The plot is sufficiently ingenious to permit of the introduction of many musical numbers, and the melody of the piece is said to be one of its charms. A company of good players is assured, also a pretty chorus.

Of the performance at the Princess this week of "The House of Mirth," a staged version of Mrs. Edith Wharton's novel, it is difficult to speak in the language of polite journalism. It is questionable whether a work of this sort serves any good purpose, but as to the result of dramatizing such a story there would appear to be no question at all. "The House of Mirth," acted by any company, would be depressing and too illogical to be convincing as a "revelation of the vices of fashionable society." In the hands of the company supporting Miss Fay Davis, it is a morbid burlesque. The play is deplorably bad, not that it is particularly "naughty," but altogether tiresome. Even to people who enjoy the gruesome and morbid it is a disappointment. Those who like to have their souls harrowed, want the harrowing done by a master hand and not by the hired man.

The coming Willard engagement is being looked forward to with pleasant anticipation by Toronto theatergoers. Mr. Willard will appear at the Princess on October 15, and for a fortnight will delight us with a new play and a number of his old ones. A feature will be made of "Colonel Newcome," the new play upon which Mr. Willard has spent much time and thought. A number of new people have been added to Mr. Willard's company to meet the special requirements of this production, including two English actresses, who are said to be uncommonly attractive and clever. Though he has prepared a special production of "Colonel Newcome," with which he anticipates a great success, he will not confine his work to this one play, but will, as usual, vary his engagements with his old favorite pieces. His repertoire this season will be "Colonel Newcome," "The Man Who Was," "David Garrick," "The Middleman," "A Pair of Spectacles" and "The Professor's Love Story." Mr. E. S. Willard will make use of "The Man Who Was" again this coming season. The roy-

alty he pays for this little play is the largest ever paid for a one-act piece presented in conjunction with another play; but his experience with it last season proved that "The Man Who Was" is well worth all it costs him. His "Austin Limmason" is undoubtedly as fine an impersonation as he has ever given.

Next week the Zingari Troupe, in a picturesque portrayal of Gypsy life, will head the bill at Shea's. Hassen Ben Ali's Arabs will also appear. Among the other features are Mansfield and Wilbur, Seymour and Hill, Welch, Mealy and Montrose, Van Alstyne and Henry, Taylor Holmes, and the kinetograph.

Oscar L. Figman, in "The Tenderfoot," is keeping the Grand audiences in a happy mood this week. The comedy depends for its fun upon the grotesque humor of a crowd of cowboys, frontiersmen and Indians. The company is practically the same as it was when it appeared last season at the Princess. It did not arouse any particular enthusiasm at that time, but this week it has been quite successful as an attraction.

"The smallest boy soprano in the world, and the possessor of the sweetest voice," says the Montreal "Gazette," of Albert Hole, the principal boy soloist with Mr. Edward Branscombe's Westminster Abbey Glee and Concert Party.

A special children's matinee will be given on Saturday afternoon at Massey Hall, when the programme will consist of nursery rhymes, amusing old-time ballads, humorous glee and musical sketches. In the evening a general programme will be presented by the twelve artists comprising the party.

With the art of two continents at her fingertips, Madame Yvette Guilbert has achieved world-wide renown, and it speaks well for the appreciation of the American public that she is quite as well known by reputation at least, in this country as in her own native France. Upon her two visits to America, Madame Guilbert created an interest that is not frequently given to the visitor from abroad, and this is due entirely to the accuracy and refinement of her methods of character portrayal, and her remarkable talent for combined musical and dramatic narration, which embodies a wide range of sentiment. Unique as is her peculiar line of effort, she manages to convey by word and gesture a whole array of emotion and a wealth of detail that gives at once a clear in-



YVETTE GUILBERT  
Who appears with Albert Chevalier at Massey Hall next week.

sight into the characteristics of her subject. This present tour, in which she is accompanied by Mr. Albert Chevalier, should go down into history as one of the most remarkable achievements of managerial enterprise, for it is an admitted truth that these are the two greatest artists ever seen together upon one stage. Madame Guilbert does not confine herself to songs in French alone, but has a repertoire of English material that is as carefully conceived as anything she does. The Toronto engagement is for Monday evening, October 8, at Massey Hall.



"THE MAN WITH THE EVIL EYE"  
As sung by "Fudge," and principals in "The Gingerbread Man" at the Princess next week.

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The Wondrous Singer of Chansons, Grave and Gay

## Albert Chevalier

The Diverting Exponent of the Humorous Coterie

**MASSEY HALL MONDAY, OCT. 8**

An Evening of Sunshine, Happiness and Diversion

Prices—50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50. First Rows in Balcony, \$2.00.  
Sale of Seats Begins Tuesday, Oct. 2, 9 a.m.

## METROPOLITAN HALL

247-249 COLLEGE STREET

FOR

BALLS, AT HOMES, RECEPTIONS, TEAS, &c.

M. J. SAGE, Manager.



FOR some years  
often in this  
on behalf of  
the playhouse  
miserably in  
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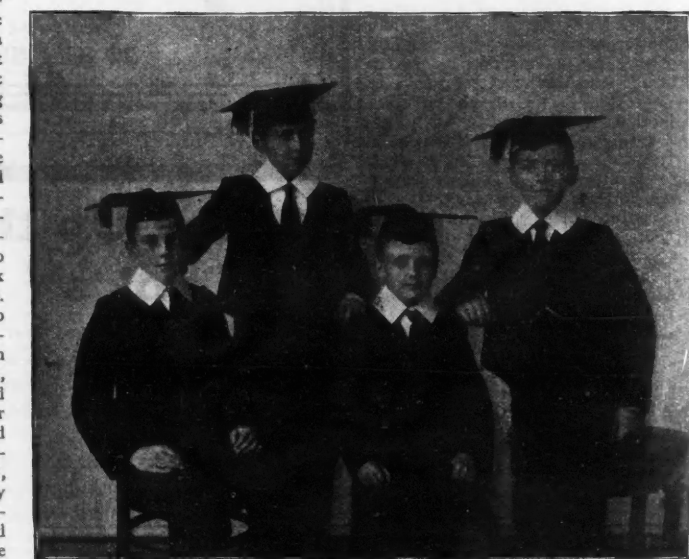
FOR some years past I have often in this column protested on behalf of the patrons of the playhouses against the miserably inadequate orchestras that are attached to our theaters. I have pointed out that an orchestra of nine players, of which only one represents the first violin section, cannot give an effective performance of anything but the commonest class of music, and that to attempt to render standard overtures with such a combination is simply ridiculous. My contention has really been in the interests of the professional players of the city, whose prospects must be bettered if the theater orchestras are enlarged. I am informed that the present intention of the management of the new theater on King street, now in process of building, is to engage an orchestra of fourteen players. If they carry out their intention we shall be able to say, "For this relief, much thanks." An orchestra of fourteen will be respectable in numbers at least, by comparison with the attenuated bands we have had to tolerate for so many years.

The coming visit of Leoncavallo, the composer of "I Pagliacci," will naturally arouse much interest among the music-lovers of this city. He is recognized as one of the leaders of the young Italian school of composers. Leoncavallo has had a chequered career, but after many years of struggle with poverty, fortune has at last smiled upon him. Born in Naples on March 8, 1858, the son of the chevalier Vincent, President of the Tribunal of Potenza, his mother was the daughter of the celebrated artist, Raffaele d'Auria, who decorated the royal palaces at Naples. His musical studies began with the piano, which he learned first from a musician named Siri, and afterwards from Simonetti, a teacher of some repute in Naples. In due course Leoncavallo was admitted to the Neapolitan Conservatory, where he became a pupil of Cesi, for the piano, of Rota for harmony, and of Rossi for composition. At the age of eighteen he left the conservatory with a diploma of "maestro," and began his first opera. The subject was the tragic story of Chatterton, the libretto being an adaptation of Alfred de Vigny's well-known drama. The young composer then went to Bologna, where he completed the opera and arranged for its production, but at the last moment the impresario decamped, leaving the unfortunate composer penniless. In desperation Leoncavallo was compelled to undertake any work that would keep him from starvation. He gave lessons in singing and piano playing, and even played accompaniments at concerts in various cafes, in the latter capacity, visiting England, France, Holland and Germany and going even as far as Cairo. After many years of travelling, he returned to Italy, and presented himself to Ricordi (the music publisher in Milan), with the scenario of a vast trilogy dealing with the history of the Renaissance in Italy, for which he had already completed the libretto of the first section, "I Medici." The latter was accepted, and in a year Leoncavallo had finished the music. For three years he waited vainly in the hope of seeing his opera produced, and then betook himself in despair to the rival publishing house of Sonzogno. Here he was well received, and for this firm he wrote his two-act opera, "Pagliacci," which was produced at the Teatro del Verme, Milan, on May 21, 1892, with tremendous success. Leoncavallo's name soon became famous throughout Italy, and on November 10, 1893, his "Medici" was produced at the Teatro del Verme. His early opera, "Chatterton," was finally given at the Teatro Nazionale, Rome, on March 10, 1896, his "La Boheme" at the Teatro del Verme, Venice, on May 6, 1897, and "Zaza," an adaptation of the well-known play by Berton and Simon, was produced at the Teatro Lirico, Milan, on November 10, 1900, and has subsequently been performed with great success in Germany, France and Holland. In response to a commission of the German Emperor, Leoncavallo composed "Roland von Berlin," which has been enthusiastically received in Berlin and Naples. In operas of the type of "Zaza" and "Pagliacci," his strong feeling for theatrical effect serves him well. He is an expert musician; his orchestration is always clever and appropriate. In addition to the orchestra of sixty-five from the Scala, Milan, the following lyric artists have been engaged for the Leoncavallo concerts: Messadine Rizzini, Ferrabini and Marelli; Messieurs Barbaini, Perya, Bellati and De Ferran; Signor Solari, assistant conductor.

Jessie MacLachlan, the popular Scottish singer is, in the matter of voice, an uncertain quantity. That is to say, her voice at concerts is not always in first-class condition. She was, however, in excellent form at the Sons of Scotland concert at Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week, and created quite a furore. When at her best she has a genuine prima donna voice, and it is rarely

that one hears a singer of Scottish songs with an organ of such superior quality. But the secret of her success rests more in her powers of oratorical expression than in the beauty of her voice. When she sings a patriotic song she does it with a fervor, a significance of expression, and a dramatic delivery of the words that, to use a figurative term, carries the audience off their feet. She evoked tremendous enthusiasm on the occasion under notice. She had for associates Ruthven McDonald, who sang in fine solo acceptably; Mr. John McLinden, a cellist with a good singing tone, but whose rendering of "Auld Robin Gray" was rather sickly, with its constant exaggerated gliding or perturbation; the dancers, the Sisters Duncan and Masters Gilray, Piper Richardson, Mr. Douglas Young, tenor, who won much applause; George E. Fax, humorist, whose numbers were among the hits of the evening, and our own clever singer, Miss Mae Dickinson, who delighted the audience in a duet with Mr. McDonald. On the whole the concert gave much pleasure to the enormous audience that crowded the auditorium. Encores were the rule in the first part of the programme, but had to be forbidden for the remainder of the evening.

The success which attended the tour last season of Alys Bateman, the English soprano; Miss Grace Merry, the popular Toronto elocutionist, and Mons. Edouard Parlowitz, pianist, under the direction of Miss Maude C. Bradley of Brockville, was so pronounced that the same trio will make a prolonged tournee of Canada from coast to coast. Dates already booked are as follows: Montreal, Cornwall, Brockville, Nanapan, Picton, Port Hope, Kingston, Gananoque, Belleville, Cobourg, Brantford, Galt, Strathroy, St. Mary's, St. Thomas, London, Chatham, Sarnia, Berlin, Pembroke, North Bay, Fort William,



THE BOYS OF THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY CHOIR PARTY

Winnipeg, Brandon, Virden, Indian Head, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Edmonton, Kamloops, Victoria, Vancouver, Nelson, Ottawa, including a Toronto appearance at Elm street Methodist Church Thanksgiving night.

Miss Alvena Springer, of Guelph, a pupil of Dr. Torrington, has been appointed the soprano soloist at the Metropolitan Church, thus filling the place of Miss Eileen Millett, also a pupil of Dr. Torrington's, who was recently appointed soloist of the First Baptist Church, Franklin, Pennsylvania, at a guaranteed salary of \$1,200 a year.

The annual concert of the Toronto College of Music will take place at Massey Hall this month, when a number of Dr. Torrington's advanced pupils will take part as piano soloists and vocalists, all of whom will be accompanied by an efficient orchestra.

The most interesting section in the "Erinnerungen," or reminiscences, of Eduard Strauss, just issued at Vienna by Franz Dentice, is that in which the author relates how he and his brother, the waltz-king, happened to have a Spanish mother of aristocratic descent. Her grandfather was a wealthy Spanish marquis, who one day had a quarrel with one of the King's sons, which led to the drawing of swords. Knowing that his life was forfeited if he remained, he fled, and leaving his possessions, fled with his wife and children (two sons and three daughters) across France and Germany to Austria, where his friend, Duke Albert von Teschen, received him hospitably. It was necessary for him, however, to give up his rank and name to escape detection, and for several years he served as the duke's cook, under the name of Rober. Then he died broken-hearted over his cruel fate, and his sons did not survive him long. The daughters supported themselves by work-

ing till old enough to wed. The oldest of them married a wall-paper hanger and became the mother of the poet Chlodwig Eckhardt. The youngest married a tavern-keeper named Streim. Her daughters were noted for their beauty of the Southern type. Johann Strauss, the first "waltz-king," made their acquaintance, and promptly fell in love with the best-looking of the two, Anna. She was fond of music, and passionately devoted to her guitar, on which she loved to play the Spanish tunes her mother had taught her. Eduard Strauss, though far less talented than his two brothers, Johann and Josef, nevertheless played an important role in the musical life of Vienna, where he had his own band for balls and concerts during a period of forty years. It was at these concerts that Richard Wagner first came before the Austrian public with samples of his later works. All three of the Strauss brothers (especially Josef, who died young) were enthusiastic admirers of Wagner, and it was through them that the Viennese heard "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser" fragments, eight years before the Imperial Opera opened its portals to these much-abused works. Like his brother Johann, Eduard Strauss has also visited various European countries with his orchestra, as well as America. Queen Victoria and the Emperor Friedrich were particular friends of his. Concerning Germany, the author remarks that it owes its position as the world's leading musical country to the middle classes. The aristocracy, on the whole, has shown, he thinks, no great interest in the art, or understanding of it. It is the "grosse Mittelstand" that has done it. What Strauss liked particularly in America was the "angel-choirs"—associations of young ladies for singing in church and giving sacred concerts.

The rehearsals of the Toronto Orchestra now being regularly held under Dr. Torrington's direction, are very encouraging, and this may also be said of the Toronto Festival Chorus, who have already made good progress with Handel's "Messiah" and the new works to be given, Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Max Bruch's "Cross of Fire."

Mr. William T. Stead has been to a musical hall. Why, he does not explain. He is in no doubt, however, as

to what he found there. He writes: "For three and a half solid hours I sat patiently listening to the most insufferable banality and imbecility that ever fell upon human ears. Compared with much of the 'patter' and semi-articulate gibberish that was heard from the stage, the gibbering of apes at the Zoo was an intellectual repast. Hour after hour the dreary round went on. Comedian succeeded comedian with monotonous regularity. The elaborate organizations of the hall ground out 'turns' as a sausage machine forces out its mincemeat. Here and there came a welcome splash of color from a human kaleidoscope, as when the 'Girls' were on, and there was a juggler who was clever, but for the most part the performance was as unrelieved by beauty as by wit. My second impression, which naturally followed upon the boredom, was one of wrathful indignation. It seemed intolerable that in Anno Domini 1906 the heirs of a thousand years of civilization, and the product of thirty-five years of the Education Act, should relish this inane drivel. It was not the immorality of the thing that roused me so much as the imbecility of it all. It was difficult to realize that the well-dressed 'ladies and gentlemen,' who had paid four and five shillings to occupy the

(Continued on Page Eighteen.)

## Alys Bateman

The English Soprano

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### Annual Announcement

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VOICE—F. H. Burt, Mus. Doc., Mrs. J. W. Bradley (Tenor), Miss Jennie E. Williams, A.T.C.M., Mrs. H. W. Parker, A.T.C.M., Miss Alice Denzil.

ORGAN—Miss May Hamilton, A.T.C.M.

VIOLIN—Mrs. B. Drechsler Adamson, Miss Lina D. Adamson, Miss Lena M. Hayes, A.T.C.M.

Candidates for the above scholarships are not limited as to age or the amount of instruction previously received.

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Candidates for Elementary Piano must be under 16 years, and shall not have had more than one quarter's instruction.

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Winners of Scholarships have all Conservatory advantages.

Applications must be made personally, not later than October 7th.

Due notice will be given all candidates of the date of competition.

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## ANECDOTAL

A poor lady whose husband had just failed was bemoaning the fact. "At any rate," she said, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, "the Brown failure was worse than ours." "How so?" said one who knew that her husband's smash-up had been terrible. "Why," she said, "we only failed for five cents on the dollar, whereas Mr. Brown failed for fifty-five."

Oliver Wendell Holmes was invited to deliver a lecture in a town in the central part of Massachusetts. He was not feeling very well, and he wrote the following reply to the committee in declining to accept the invitation: "I am far from being in good physical health, and I am satisfied that if I were offered a fifty-dollar bill after my lecture I should not have strength enough to refuse it."

Eugene Field, sad of countenance and ready of tongue, once strayed into a New York restaurant and seated himself for luncheon. A voluble waiter came to Field and said, "Coffee, tea, chocolate, ham-and-eggs-beef-steak-mutton-chop-fish-balls-hash-nebeans," and much more to the same purpose. Field looked at him long and solemnly, and at last replied: "Oh, friend, I want none of these things. All I want is an orange and a few kind words."

A man who travels a good deal and who recently visited San Francisco confided to the Chronicle of the utmost service from waiters. "Usually when I arrive at a hotel," he said, "I take a \$2 bill and tear it in half. One half I give to the waiter and the other I keep. Now, John, I say, if everything comes along all right, the other half is yours; if not, you don't get it. Usually I get the best of service and the most marked attention. The waiter always has his eye on the other half. I find this method to be the best I ever tried."

A New York wine agent is compiling a volume of anecdotes of the famous wine dealers of the past. Of the late Baron Roederer he said the other day: "Roederer once received a letter that read: 'Sir: I have not a centime to my name, but I adore champagne. Be good enough to send me a case of delicious nectar. With its help I hope to forget my wretched poverty.' Roederer replied by return mail: 'Sir: The means whereby you propose to forget your poverty will not avail. The incessant and persistent presentation of my account would remind you every moment of your sad condition.'"

Charles Francis Adams was escorting an English friend about Boston. They were viewing the different objects of attraction and finally came to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when Adams remarked: "This is the place, sir, where Warren fell." "Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not very familiar with American history. "Was he seriously hurt by his fall?" "Hurt!" said he. "He was killed, sir." "Ah, indeed," the Englishman replied, still eyeing the monument and commencing to compare its height in his own mind. "Well, I should think he might have been—falling so far."

Francis Wilson was tallying at the Players' Club about the ignorance of dramatic literature that is too prevalent in America. "Why," said Mr. Wilson, "a company was playing 'She Stoops to Conquer' in a small Western town last winter when a man without any money, wishing to see the show, stepped up to the box office and said: 'Pass me in, please.' The box office man gave a loud, harsh laugh. 'Pass you in? What for?' he asked. The applicant drew himself up and answered haughtily. 'What for? Why, because I am Oliver Goldsmith, author of the play.' 'Oh, I beg your pardon, sir,' replied the other in a shocked voice, as he hurriedly wrote out an order for a box."

While Archbishop Trench was Dean of Westminster, he delegated Canon Cureton to preach at the abbey on a certain saint's day. On such days the boys of Westminster School attended service, and afterward had the rest of the day as a holiday. While Mr. Cureton, on the morning of the day he was to officiate, was looking over his sermon, at the breakfast table, his son asked, in a tone vibrating with anxiety: "Father, is yours a long sermon to-day?" "No, Jimmy; not very."

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"But how long? Please tell me." "Well, about twenty minutes, I should say. But why are you so anxious to know?" "Because, father, the boys say they will thrash me awfully if you are more than half an hour."

Secretary Taft has found his way into European comic papers as the result of a joke told by Associate Justice Brewer at the recent Yale commencement. The distinguished jurist desired to pay a compliment to the chivalry of Yale men. "Yale men everywhere are polite," said he. "But Secretary Taft is the most polite man I ever saw in my life. Why, the other day I was in a street car with him and he got up and gave his seat to three women." Scores of clippings based on this joke reach the War Department every week. It has found its way into many languages, but the Germans seem to appreciate it most. Many of the German papers comment on the story at length and say that at last the Yankees seem to be developing real wit.

A certain prominent minister was compelled not long ago to give strict orders that, while he was engaged in the preparation of his sermons, his young son must be kept reasonably quiet. In spite of this, however, there arose one morning a most astonishing noise of banging and hammering, which seemed to indicate that the steam-heating pipes were being knocked to pieces. Hurrying out of his study, the minister encountered his wife. "My dear, what in the world is Bobby doing?" he asked. "Why, he is only beating on the radiator downstairs," was the somewhat surprised reply. "Well, he must stop it," the minister said, decidedly. "I don't think he will harm it, dear," his wife answered soothingly; "and it is the only thing that will keep him quiet."

Walter J. Travis, the golfer, set up his ball, and then made half a dozen swishes at the short grass with the driver. "I am not in good form," he said. "I am playing like a broker we had here last week. This broker played once around, making a dreadful exhibition of himself. Of this, though, he was not aware. He was doing pretty well for him. The man's caddy was an unusually quiet, stolid lad, a boy with a freckled face, quite devoid of expression. And since the caddy never once laughed or sneered at his bad play, the broker took a fancy to him. And he said at the end of the round, in the hope of getting a compliment: 'I have been travelling for the last six months. I am quite out of practice. This is why I am in such bad form to-day.' The caddy replied, calmly: 'Then ye've played before, have ye, sir?'"

The late Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, once had a chance to learn something about himself that perhaps he had not suspected. His chance came to him at a picture gallery, where his painting, "Helen of Troy," was on exhibition. He joined a group of ladies who were standing before it just in time to hear one of the number say: "It's a horrid picture—simply horrid!" "I'm sorry, but it's mine!" Lord Leighton exclaimed involuntarily. "You don't mean to say you've bought the thing?" questioned the same lady. "No," I painted it," the artist humbly replied. The critical lady was momentarily abashed; then she said easily: "Oh, you mustn't mind what I say." "No, indeed, you mustn't," another began earnestly. "She's only said what everybody else is saying!"

"The easiest money I ever made," said a Philadelphia shipping man the other day, "was handed to me in New York not long ago. I was visiting there and had a little time to myself, so I bought a paper and went down to the river front. I saw an advertisement in the paper saying that a tug was to be auctioned off that day, so I went to the place and stood around examining the tug. After a while a man who had been watching me came over and began asking questions. I told him I was interested in boats, and was from Philadelphia. Then he asked: 'What are you doing down here?' 'I came down to this auction sale,' I said. 'Well,' said the man, 'if you want to keep on the right side of the boy you'll do something for me. Here's \$100; do not bid on the tug.' I took the money and departed. I had not the slightest intention of bidding."

In South Africa candles are used for lighting purposes in the homes, and when a young Boer maiden has gentlemen visitors, the mother sticks in a pin in the candle, and when it has burned to the pin the callers understand that it is time for their departure. Mrs. Early, a society matron of Washington, recently made a visit to the Transvaal, and was so impressed with the custom of the Boers that she determined to introduce it into her own home. Consequently the electric lights were removed and candles substituted in the drawing-room. Mr. Staylate, a frequent though not always welcome caller, was one of the first visitors to call after the inauguration of the new custom. He witnessed the placing of the pin in the candle by Mrs. Early, and after she had gone ventured to inquire: "Why, Miss Early, does your mother stick a pin in the candle?" "Oh," responded the young

woman with an air of apparent innocence, "mother learned that in South Africa as a way of sending home the boers."

"I dined with Charles Dana Gibson at Princess' Restaurant in London during the season," said a Chicagoan. "The lofty, spacious dining-room was filled with women in pale gowns, their hair uncovered, and their arms and necks bare, and though these women were fashionable, aristocratic, they smoked cigarettes with their coffee as they watched the bioscope pictures that went on at one end of the big room, and as they listened to the singing that went on at the other. Amid all this feminine smoking, we Americans began to discuss and to define the word 'lady.' Was it lady-like to smoke? We asked. Would a lady ever smoke? What was a lady? I think Mr. Gibson's definition of a lady was the best that was given. 'A lady,' he said, ignoring the smoke question altogether, 'is a woman who always remembers others and never forgets herself.'"

"Are you the editor that takes in society news?" inquired the caller, an undersized man, with a tired and timid, appealing look on his face. "Yes, sir," replied the young man at the desk. "I can take in any kind of news. What have you?" "Why, it's this way," said the caller, lowering his voice. "My wife gave a small party last night, and I am willing to pay to have this report of the affair put in the paper." "We don't charge anything for publishing society news," observed the young man at the desk, taking the proffered manuscript and looking it over. "That's all right," was the reply. "You don't understand. I wrote this up myself, and I put in a line or two that says, 'Mr. Halfstick assisted his distinguished wife in receiving the guests.' That's the way I want it to go in, and I don't care if it costs a dollar a word. I want my friends to know, by George! that I still belong to the family."

Alfred Harmsworth, the London publisher, who is now Lord Northcliffe, is constantly pestered when he is at home by people in his employ who want increases in salaries or positions or who have grievances to be adjusted. Like many other great publishers, Harmsworth thinks varied employment gives mental acuteness, and he has a habit of shifting his people around. His brothers, all of whom work for him, are not exempt from the rule. It is nothing surprising for a Harmsworth editor to be lifted to the height of authority or depressed to the depths of subordination overnight. He has been known to put employees with whom he was especially displeased to running elevators. For this reason Harmsworth is always nervous when he goes into an elevator, for he cannot get away from whatever sort of complaint the elevator conductor may choose to make. Some time ago he darted into the elevator in the office of one of his newspapers, the "Daily Mail." He saw a young fellow at the controller whose face seemed familiar, and who was evidently preparing to say something. "Well, well," said Harmsworth, hurrying to forestall the youth, "and who are you?" "Why Alfred," was the reply. "I am your youngest brother."

### New Version.

"Even the monks of Saint Bernard have succumbed to the progress of mechanical science and have thoughtfully arranged a motor car service from the valley to their hospice."

The shades of night were falling fast. As through an Alpine village passed a blaze of light, a noise, a smell; Men said "That's Brother Gabriel 'N his motor-car."

"Drive not so fast," the old man said, "There's a police-trap on ahead." The friar dashed on, out of sight; Back came the scent, from up the height, 'F a motor-car.

Onward he flew, and ever higher, Until an ice-chip tore his tire, Or things began to break, or bend, And Brother Gabriel had to mend His motor-car.

His brow was sad! The car beneath He crawled, and muttered, 'twix his teeth, Words that friar should never know, He (for example) murmured "Blow The motor-car!"

Next morn he, by the faithful hound, Half buried in the snow was found, Still Grasping in his hand of ice A spanner, gripping like a vise His motor-car.

Tenderly back his brothers bore, And thawed him, to mote nevermore; And, from the mountain's icy crown A team of dogs towed tamely down The motor-car! —Westminster "Gazette."

Uncertain, Coy, and Hard to Please. When a mother scolds her son and the father agrees with her, this makes her so mad that she forgets the boy and goes after the father.—Atchison "Globe."

Trade Rivals. Mistress (engaging new servant)—And I hope you're not too friendly with the policeman. Servant—Lor', no, ma'am. I 'ate 'em. My father was a Hanarchist, mum.—Pick-Me-Up.



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## New in Europe but Old in Canada

Fireless Ovens now being introduced in England have long been used for cooking in our Northern Woods

It is said that German fireless ovens are being widely introduced into Great Britain and that many sales of them have been made on this continent also. The theory of these ovens is that the sides or lining being composed of soapstone, or some other material which retains the heat artificially imparted, will when covered with felt on the outside develop enough warmth to cook meats or cakes placed inside. No doubt the idea is new in Europe, but it is old in Canada.

Indian guides in the northern woods were observed making use of one of these ovens a few days ago just as their ancestors have used them for ages past. On many of the best known portages the guides set up the tents on the old camping places; because there they find the half dozen flat stones needed to construct the oven.

On top of these they build a fire, and when the stones are red hot the Indians set them up in the form of a covered box, inside of which has been placed the saddle of venison, a pair of partridges or ducks, or perhaps a bear's ham. Instead of the heavy felt of the German contrivance they cover it all over with thick moss, the green side in, over which is piled soil, if it may be had conveniently.

The next morning the roast is certain of being cooked to a delicious turn. It has either been spitted on a clean wand of birch, which imparts no ill flavor to the meat, or else a grille of sticks has been laid across the oven, upon which its contents have rested.

Sometimes the easier plan is adopted of allowing a sharp pointed stick to project through from the outside at one corner, the outer end being stuck firmly into the ground. In any case the object is to keep the joint from touching the sides of the oven, which, truth to tell, are seldom very clean.

If such game as venison, partridges or ducks has been prepared and the party is well supplied with bacon, onions, salt and pepper the breakfast is a gastronomic success. The ducks will have bacon lashed around them and inside will be found an onion, whole or chopped, with a little herb, the secret of which the guide will smilingly refuse to disclose on the ground that seasoning runs in families.

Partridges will have bacon inside as well as out, experience having taught that their flesh is likely to be very dry unless well basted. Air-tight ovens and the al fresco meal will go far to account for the hunter's complaints that game never tastes as well anywhere as it does when the guides prepare it in the woods.

Experienced men never question their guides about the constituents of their dishes. Some morning the principal dish at the early meal may be what looks like a long fat loin of veal, having an appetizing flavor of wild sage from the sweet scented fern or other leaves with which the patient cook lined the hot oven. The prettily mottled cold meat tastes of pork and lamb at the same time.

With it may be served some stewed wild high bush cranberries—papineaus, the settlement folk call them—which have a delicious acidity not unlike that of the swamp cranberries of commerce. The combination is exquisite at breakfast time, and if the hunter is wise he will not allow the after knowledge that he has eaten and enjoyed the quilled, fretful porcupine to interfere with his

digestion. The creature is in the same class as the raccoon and is not at all an unclean feeder.

A big trout or a salmon is often cooked in these fireless ovens. The guides generally stuff them with crumbled bread, onion shredded and a pungent water herb, which has a distinct flavor of thyme.

The body of the fish is swathed in large linden or basswood leaves, tied about it with rushes. The fish is most tenderly cooked by morning; the fastidious guides usually throw away the stuffing, which is supposed to have done its part in flavoring and absorbing the fat. The full flavored delicacy of a big ten-pound trout cooked this way is enough to make an old woodsman's mouth water for more as his memory recalls it.

True, the guileless guide will on occasion when game is scarce serve up, quite as a matter of course, a neatly browned woodchuck or a muskrat which has previously been parboiled to get rid of the musky smell and taste, but all will be wholesome, and it is invariably safe to allow oneself to be fed by these clever and experienced men.

These closed ovens are particularly well adapted to the baking of water fowl, when the fat should be well cooked out, and the flavor preserved at the same time.

One of the cleverest dishes guides attempt is partridge breasts placed inside of a wild goose, and cooked in an especially hot oven. The somewhat dry meat of the partridges is finely basted that way and the long fibres of the white breasts are softened by the fat, as tough beef is softened by cooking it in the same dish with pork.

If they can come by them these native cooks will stuff the wild ducks with raisins before roasting. The effect is curious and enticing.

A hotel chef was once induced to prepare such a dish for a sportsman's banquet, and it was such a success that he declared he would never try it again, as no one noticed his really choice dishes, but reserved their praise for what he had derisively styled ducks "au sauvage."

The common bake kettle, or chaldron, with a lid fitting on the outside of the pot, is really a white man's substitute for the primitive stone bake-oven. All who have sampled them believe that beans should always be baked in these kettles buried over night in red hot sand. Bread, too, is really excellent cooked in them.

But on the whole it is doubtful whether the rough stone fireless ovens of the aborigines could be much improved upon. It looks that way at any rate, when from scientific Germany has come a revival of their use.

The Emperor William and King Edward of England, who have both introduced the use of them into their kitchens, may now hope to fare as well and daintily as did the North American Indian of a thousand years ago.

## Mr. Howell's Types.

"Typographical errors," said William Dean Howells, the famous novelist, "are always amusing. When I was a boy in my father's printing office, in Martin's Ferry, I once made a good typographical error. My father had written:

"The showers last week, though copious, were not sufficient for the millmen."

"I set it up 'milkmen.'"



In the fall an old man's fancy—"Life."

## Is Golf Worth Playing

By MAX PEMBERTON

SAY that it is merely a question. Suits of armor would not defend me if I put it in the pavilion. Just as the person of experience hides behind a tree when the thirty handicap man is driving, so from my study alone shall I venture this affair. Is golf worth playing? Well, in the case of 60 per cent. of the players I do not think that it is.

Consider the circumstance of the average attack; observe the honorable father of a family who is about to catch this fell disease. He is a man mild in speech and manner, devoted to his family, cheerful in disposition, sober in his habits. A friend inoculates him, and the fever sets in. In six months' time he has lost a stone, is often late at the family dinner table, has been known to miss the Athanasian Creed on Sunday, and is the possessor of a vocabulary.

Peer into his library and you will find the masterpieces of literature no longer thumbed—he has twenty-one volumes of golf in a row, and his handicap is 22. Four times a week, perhaps, he fizzes round the Royal Clapham course and returns to tell his family of his achievements. Does he do all this because he enjoys it? Not a bit of it; he does it because vanity eggs him on. It would be grotesque to claim that any man who plays a game as this man plays golf can find pleasure in it. He is the victim of the ego—and that, as the small boy said, "is all my life."

Remark how the persistent pursuit of this pitiful plaything demoralizes its victims and robs them even of their natural instincts. A man in mourning for a dead relative is met by another golfer. Says the latter, "I hear you have had a great loss." "Yes," replies the golfer, "I dropped two in that d—d chalkpit again." Not meaning thereby any reflection upon the one who had gone before, but merely showing the engrossing nature of the pastime.

We laugh at the stories of the golfing widow; but I wonder how often the laugh has been somewhat hollow after all. Is any game a good one which you must play all day and every day to decide the question of your skill?

Is it, after all, a splendid thing for a man to concentrate so wholly upon his own pleasure that he does not care a straw whether his house be above the ground or below it? I have known in my own experience at least three golfing tragedies solely due to this monstrous sacrifice upon the altar of vanity. May I not ask from the shelter of an arm chair: Is it worth it?

Let us take another point. Even a golfer, I suppose, will admit that his is the poorest kind of exercise possible for any man who is not in his dotage. You can get more physical benefit by twenty minutes' hard work on a lawn-tennis court than by a week's digging on the best links in this or any other country. All the rheumatic complaints, the gout, the spleen, and the "isms" of which we hear in the clubs, are they not largely due to the fact that men have given up active exercise for this amulating folly which came from the Dutchman?

I have known men who have nearly walked themselves into their graves on the golf links. In several cases complete breakdown has resulted. They are now reduced to playing "approaches" in their own back gardens and to "putting" on the floors of pews during the "times of sermons." Had they played a brisker game, not forgetting how to run, and generally held on to their departing youth they would still be sane at large. But doctors will tell you nothing of this. Why should they—unless they be madmen? Is it not the physician's business to cure us? And how shall we be cured if we do not play golf? All these are obvious facts; but I do not for one moment expect the golfer to recognize them. He will argue that it is perfectly possible to play golf sanely. This I do not contest. But the question remains—Does anyone play golf sanely?

Has any golfer ever known an individual who, from the first moment of the subtle attack to the final stage of convalescence in an arm chair, ever wholly and consistently played as a sane man should? If so, the story should at once be committed to writing. Let it be bound in vellum and suitably adorned.

I have no manner of doubt whatever that a really fine golfer enjoys

golf enormously. I am equally willing to concede that, in his case, the game is very well worth playing. But how many fine golfers are there in any club that you know? How many who play a game which is not attended by constant annoyance, baffling disappointment, and the music of the full round oath? "Man never is, but always to be, best." The poor devils carve the story of their woes on meek and suffering sods—dust to dust and sand to sand! They writhe and groan and swear in pits and cavities and dark places.

The sky is not blue for these poor golfers nor do the birds sing. A little white globe becomes their universe; their ambitions lie at the bottom of a tin. One day perhaps an imp of mischief sat upon their shoulder and guided them to a score below the nineties. They have smitten the earth ten thousand times since in the hope of repeating this modest performance.

In the throes of their agony they appeal alike to celestial and to baser powers. Their souls they bartered long ago. Do they enjoy it? Stuff and nonsense, says the cynic. The whole thing is purgatory to them. Their only pleasure is coming home in the cab and lying about it.

A golfer was asked what he should do when he arrived at the gate of Heaven and found St. Peter obdurate. "I shall put a golf ball down," said he, "and ask him to lift it over a harp. He will be still doing it while I slip in." So you see it is the eternal hope that is at the root of all the mischief. Let us leave the matter at that—and, boy, get a cab, and see that you put our clubs in—"Tatler."

## MISREPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.

## Dame Rumor.

I should like to remark that Dame Rumor is the most unalluring of jades; she has little or no sense of humor, and her fables are worse than George Ade's—(Or rather, I mean, if the reader prefers, that the fables of Ade are much better than hers).

Her appearance imbues one with loathing. From her jaundiced, malevolent eyes To the tinsel she cares to call clothing. Which is merely a patchwork of lies. For her garments are such that a child could see through, And her blouse (need I add?) is the famed Peek-a-boo!

With a step that is silent and stealthy, Or an earsplitting clamor and noise, She disturbs the repose of the wealthy, Or the peace that the pauper enjoys; And, however securely the doors may be shut, She can always gain access to palace or hut.

Where the spinsters at tea are collected, Her arrival is hailed with delight; She is welcomed, adored and respected. In each newspaper office at night; For her presence imprints an original seal. On an otherwise commonplace journal or meal.

She has nothing in common with Virtue, And with Truth she was never allied; If she hasn't yet managed to hurt you, It can't be from not having tried! For the poison of adders is under her tongue, And you're lucky indeed if you've never been stung.

Are you statesman, or author, or artist, With a perfectly blameless career? Are your talents and wits of the smartest, And your conscience abnormally clear?

"He's a saint!" says Dame Rumor, and smiles like the Sphinx. "He's a hero!" She adds: "What a pity he drinks!"

Gentle Reader, keep clear of her clutches! Oh, beware of her voice, I entreat! Be you journalist, dowager duchess, Or just merely the Man-in-the-Street. And I beg of you not to encourage a jade Who when once she is started can never be stayed! —Harry Graham, in "Saturday Evening Post."



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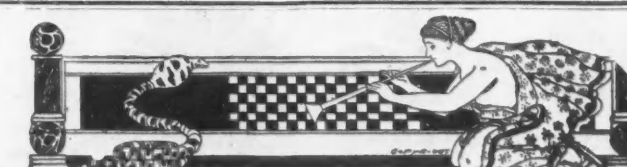
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### A Prayer.

Give to me the life I love,  
Let the love go by me;  
Give the jolly heaven above  
And the by-way night me.  
Bed in the bush with the stars to see,  
Bread I dip in the river—  
There's the life for a man like me,  
There's the life forever.  
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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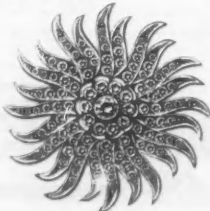
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## MUSIC.

(Continued from Page Fifteen.)

stalls, and who appreciably applauded vulgarities which might have shamed a costermonger, were citizens of an empire on which the sun never sets, arbiters of the destinies of a quarter of the human race. I did not feel that they were vicious so much as they were so nakedly stupid and unashamed."

A "Concert Caprice" for piano and orchestra, composed by Mr. Ludwig Waizmann, will be played by one of Dr. Torrington's pupils. At Dr. Torrington's request, Mr. Waizmann will conduct his own composition. Further details of the programme will be given later.

The public school scholarships awarded annually by the Toronto College of Music are to be competed for this month.

Miss Stitt of Selby street sailed for Brussels on the SS. "Finland" on Saturday to continue her musical studies at the conservatory.

Dr. J. Perse Smith's excellent article on Edward Lloyd, in the August number of the "Violin," is reprinted in full in the October number of the Boston "Musician." Editor Thomas Tapper of the latter journal evidently knows a good thing when he sees it.

Mr. Arthur Uvedale, the well-known singer and composer, has returned from his vacation, and has resumed his professional duties.

## CHERUBINO.

### The Up-to-Date Picnic.

A picnic? H'm! You want to know

If I can go?

I'm not enthusiastic; still,

Maybe, I will.

I could, of course, excuse myself—

I'm on the shelf;

A bachelor, misogynist.

A hand at whist

Would suit me better, for my day

Has passed away

For eating sandwiches and pies

'Midst ants and flies!

Your picnic's on the modern plan?

No funny man?

You really won't forget the salt?

Why, that's a fault

Inseparable from such affairs!

There will be chairs

And tables? Won't you please explain?

Tell me again.

What? Motors—dine at a hotel?

D'you mean to tell

Me that's your picnic nowadays?

Well, that's a phase

Of being strictly up to date

That I should hate!

Give me the old-time outing! Go!

I thank you—No!

—La Touche Hancock.

Lehigh Valley Reduces Passenger Rates.

To take effect November 1st, or as soon thereafter as possible, the maximum rate per mile on the Lehigh Valley Railroad will be on the basis of 2 1-2c.

This will not change passenger rates now based on charge of less than 2 1-2c per mile.

Interchangeable mileage books, which are now sold at \$30.00, will be sold at \$25.00 with a rebate of \$5.00 on each 1,000 mile book instead of \$10.00, as at present.

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

A pretty autumn wedding took place in Knox Church, Mitchell, on Wednesday, September 26, when Miss Violette Florence Thomson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Thomson, was married to Mr. William Melville Martin, B.A., of Regina. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. M. Martin, assisted by Rev. J. W. MacIntosh, Rev. Donald Martin and Rev. W. A. Bradley. The bride wore an exquisite gown of Brussels lace mounted on chiffon, over Duchesse satin, her veil being artistically caught with orange blossoms and white heather. The maid of honor, Miss Mabel V. Thomson, was prettily gowned in white crepe de soie, and wore a tulle veil and coronet of lily of the valley. The bridesmaids, Miss Anna Martin and Miss Christine Thomson, were in white silk muslin, with veils and coronets. Little Miss Dorothy Thomson, in pink silk, was a most attractive flower girl. Mr. Alex Martin was groomsmen, and Mr. G. M. Murray of Toronto, Dr. Gunn of Clinton and Messrs Hossie and Gordon Thomson acted as ushers. The bridal music, from Lohengrin, was most beautifully rendered throughout the ceremony by Mr. G. A. De Jardine, and during the signing of the register Mr. Rechab Tandy sang "My Queen." The bride's going-away gown was of hunter's green broadcloth, with Paris hat to match. After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Martin will go to their home in Regina.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symons of Madison avenue sprang somewhat of a surprise on their friends in announcing the recent marriage of their youngest daughter, Isabel Hannaford, to William Graham Wood, D.D.S., of Toronto, and formerly of Port Hope, Ont. The marriage had been arranged to take place later in the year, but owing to the hurried departure of Dr. Wood for Colorado to fill an appointment recently secured there, and which will necessitate his absence from Toronto for some months, arrangements were hastily concluded, and the marriage took place in Winnipeg, where Miss Symons had been spending a holiday with her aunt, Mrs. Frederick H. Hesson. The ceremony was performed at Holy Trinity Church, on September 18, by the Rev. Charles W. McKim. The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss Hilda Hesson, as maid of honor, and was given away by her uncle, Mr. F. H. Hesson. After an informal supper, in which many Winnipeg friends of the young couple joined, Dr. and Mrs. Wood left for their temporary home in Colorado, expecting to spend the winter in Denver, returning to Toronto in the spring. While the unexpected hasty departure of the bride has been the source of great disappointment to her many Toronto friends, she has been the recipient of many congratulations on preferring to forego the usual nuptial festivities rather than face a winter's separation from her fiancée, and will be warmly welcomed on her return to Toronto.

Mrs. Hugh R. Johnston, nee Metcalfe, will receive for the first time, since her marriage, on Thursday and Friday, October 11 and 12, at her home, 90 Boustead avenue, and afterwards on the second and fourth Fridays.

Mrs. Walton-Ball (nee Conant) will hold her post-nuptial reception at her home, 344 Palmerston boulevard, on Friday, October 12, from four to six-thirty, and will afterwards receive on the first and third Thursdays in each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Timmerman will probably spend the winter at the Queen's. They are now in Montreal.

## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

### Births.

MACDONELL—On the 3rd instant, at 35 Prince Arthur avenue, the wife of A. McLean Macdonell, a son.

### Marriages.

ARMSTRONG-AIKENHEAD—On August 7, 1906, at Brooklyn, N.Y., at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Henry Blacklock; Bessie Beale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Aikenhead, to Joseph Henry Armstrong of Toronto.

SECCOMBE-McKENDRY—On Wednesday, September 26, at Sherbourne street Methodist Church, by Rev. R. P. Bowles, assisted by Rev. George Jackson, Dr. Wallace Secombe to Margaret E., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. McKendry, Toronto.

HOPKINS-BONNER—On October 2, by the Rev. L. Minehan, Annie Beatrice Mary, daughter of the late J. J. Bonner of Toronto, to Mr. J. Castelli Hopkins.

SYMINGTON-McGLASHAN—At the residence of Mrs. John Mackenzie, sister of the bride, London road, Sarnia, on Wednesday, October 3, by the Rev. J. J. Paterson of St. Andrew's Church, Mr. Thomas Symington to Annie M., youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Peter McGlashan.

MAYBURY-GRAHAM—On Tuesday, September 25, at the residence of the bride's father, Hull, Quebec, by Rev. W. N. Scott, Florence,

daughter of C. E. Graham, M.D., to Walter F. Maybury, B.A., M.B., Ottawa, son of Mr. T. A. Maybury, Parkhill.

ROBERTS-RITCHIE—On Wednesday, October 3, by Rev. Canon Cody, Muriel Mildred Ritchie to James A. Roberts, M.B., F.R.C.S.

WOOD-HANNAFORD—At Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg, Manitoba,

on September 18, 1906, by the Rev. Charles W. McKim, Isabel Hannaford, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symons of Toronto, to William Graham Wood, D.D.S., also of Toronto, formerly of Port Hope, Ont.

LUZ-MINKLER—On Thursday, September 27, 1906, at 25 Tranby avenue, by the Rev. W. L. Arm-

strong, St. Paul's Methodist Church, Jessie E., daughter of the late A. E. Minkler, to G. John Luz of Port Huron, Mich.

Deaths.

BLACKMORE—On October 2, 1906, at his residence, 172 Davenport road, George James, beloved husband of Mary A. Blackmore, aged 54 years.

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Former Judge Charles Andrews and Lyman C. Smith, Syracuse, are among twenty-four men nominated by the United International Policy Holders' Committee, organized by Samuel Untermyer, and the Mutual Life Policy Holders' Association, organized by Thomas H. Bowles, for trustees of the Mutual Life Insurance Company in opposition to the administration ticket named last July by the present management.

## Society at the Capital

THE usual autumn epidemic of weddings which strikes us every year is now in full swing in Ottawa, and as soon as one event of this interesting nature is over, it is time to prepare for another.

Last week's most fashionable ceremony took place on the morning of Wednesday, the 26th, at St. Joseph's Church, Miss Nanine Girouard, second daughter of Mr. Justice Girouard, Supreme Court of Canada, and Madame Girouard, being the fair young bride, and Mr. John Lawrence Russel of Montreal, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Russel, being the fortunate groom. The petite bride entered the church with her father at a quarter after eleven, exquisitely attired in one of the daintiest of wedding gowns imaginable, made of white chiffon satin, with gracefully falling train, the skirt trimmed with applique butterflies of point d'Alencon lace, rows of pearls outlining the hem. The bodice of white satin was draped with a bertha of point d'Alencon, which was caught here and there with orange blossoms and fell to the foot of the skirt. The becoming wedding veil and coronet of orange blossoms completed a most perfect bridal costume. The maid of honor, Miss Mabel Girouard, sister of the bride, and the two bridesmaids, Miss Edith Russel of Montreal, sister of the groom, and Miss Jeannie Chapleau, preceded the bride up the aisle, as the organ pealed forth the wedding march from Lohengrin, beautifully played by Madame Tasse. The gowns of the bridesmaids were carried out in Watteau effect, of white chiffon, with a design of yellow roses, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and high girdles of yellow satin, and in place of the usual bouquets, they carried shepherdess crooks of silver, bearing bunches of asters, tied with long yellow streamers. Their becoming hats were of white French felt, with yellow roses and soft white plumes. The maid of honor was similarly gowned, with the exception that her color scheme was in shades of violet. Mr. Ronald Skinner of Montreal performed the duties of best man, and the ushers were Mr. Frank McKenna of Montreal, Mr. Frank McFarland of Toronto, Mr. Hector Girouard of Rochester, N.Y., Mr. Ernest Girouard, brother of the bride, and Mr. Alexis Isbester. During the time the bridal party were in the vestry signing the register, Miss Mamie Babin sang most sweetly Gounod's "Ave Maria." The bride presented the best man and ushers with handsome suede tobacco pouches, with silver mountings, and the gifts of the groom were, to the bride a handsome diamond ring, to the maid of honor a beautiful gold and pearl pendant, and to the bridesmaids gold and turquoise pins.

A very large number of guests were at the reception after the ceremony, and a commodious marquee had been erected on the lawn of Mr. Justice Girouard's residence in Wilbrod street for their accommodation, the list of those invited including Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, the Cabinet Ministers with their wives and daughters, and all Ottawa's four hundred, as well as many from Montreal and other points. The gowns worn by each other in point of beauty, many just fresh from Paris being among them. The bride's going-away costume was of golden brown chiffon broadcloth, with white vest and gold braiding on the smart little Eton coat, which opened over a dainty white chiffon blouse. A white felt hat, with trimmings of brown velvet, yellow roses and chiffon, completed a most chic and fetching toilette. Mr. and Mrs. Russel left on the five o'clock train for Montreal, and will visit Niagara, Boston and other points in the States, and on their return will take up their residence in Montreal.

Miss Jeannie Chapleau entertained several of the wedding party at the tea hour on Wednesday after the departure of the bride and groom, when among those present were Mrs. Eugene Ryan, Miss Mina Dansereau of Montreal. Immediately after this jolly little gathering, the same party, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Ryan, drove to the Golf Links, where the best man and ushers entertained a number of the wedding guests at a most delightful little dinner. Mr. Ronald Skinner of Montreal, who supported the groom, is extending his visit in the Capital for a week or two.

The Ladies' Golf team from Perth arrived in town on Friday to try their skill against that of our local team on their beautiful links, and on Friday afternoon, at the conclusion of the play, Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, president of the Ottawa Ladies' Golf Club, entertained in honor of the visiting team at the Golf Clubhouse. The tea-table was arranged in the ballroom, and was seasonably decorated with quantities of asters, autumn foliage, etc. The members of the Perth Club (some of whom were unfortunate enough to miss the train on leaving Perth) who played on Friday were: Mrs. F. W. Hall, Miss Drummond, Mrs. Torrance, the Misses Hogg, Miss Mitchell, Miss Armstrong, Miss Hart, Miss Helen Hall and the Misses Katie and Marjorie Grant. Miss Hall is the

guest of Mrs. Roberts-Allan in Daly avenue, and the Misses Grant are with Mrs. Charles Moore in Albert street, and will spend some days in town.

The marriage of Mr. W. Martin Griffin of Vancouver, B.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Griffin of Ottawa, to Miss Margaret Garland of Wilmington, Delaware, has been arranged to take place on October 27.

A bright little luncheon was given on Friday at the Golf Links by Miss Ruth Sherwood in honor of her cousin, Miss Mary Slater, the bride-elect of Wednesday, October 3. The guests were for the greater part those who will comprise the bridal party, and included Miss Isobel French of Orange, N.J., the Misses Wilson of Woodstock, Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Bee Burbidge, Miss Edith Cross of Toronto, who is visiting Miss Carrie McLaren in Frank street, Miss Gladys Irwin, Miss Morna Bate, and her guest, Miss Hett of Toronto.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, October 1, 1906.

### "Down and Out."

The man who wins in the fight for fame,  
Who wins in the war for gold,  
The welkin rings with his lauded name  
Wherever his deeds are told.  
Not mine to jeer when I hear him hailed;  
I'm proud of his heart so stout—  
But what of the fellow who tried and failed,  
The fellow that's "down and out?"

Shall nought be said for the man who tried  
The goal of his hopes to gain?  
Who faced the battle with patient pride  
And fought though the fight was vain?  
Whose spirit in one weak moment quailed,  
Who fell at the last redoubt—  
Ah, many a hero heart has failed,  
So here's to the "down and out!"

The man who wins, oh, honor him well,  
And give him the praise that's due,  
But don't forget the other who fell  
Ere ever his dreams came true;  
Yes, honor the man whose will prevailed,  
Who baffled despair and doubt—  
But give one thought to the man who failed,  
The fellow that's "down and out."  
—Denis A. McCarthy, in New York "Sun."

### ENGLISH YACHT CLUBS

HERE are forty-three yacht clubs in Great Britain, most of them established at ports on the English coast.

Several important ones belong in Scotland and Ireland, the oldest one of them all—the Royal Cork—having its headquarters at Queens-town. This one was founded in 1720. The chief of all the British clubs is the Royal Yacht Squadron, founded in 1812, with headquarters at Cowes. It is the most exclusive institution in England, no one, until quite recently, being admitted a member of it without the approval of King Edward.

When His Majesty was Prince of Wales he officiated as commodore, but on his accession to the throne he relinquished the position. The club, however, still retains its character for exclusiveness, and according to "Baileys Magazine," no candidate can hope to secure election unless possessed of considerable social influence.

The ballot is so severe that the "pilling" of extremely well-known sportsmen frequently takes place, much to the chagrin of their proposers. On one occasion a certain royal personage is said to have been so annoyed at finding one of his nominees blackballed that he promptly tendered his own resignation.

Among those who have belonged to the club for at least thirty years are the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Fife and the Marquis of Ormonde. Of those who have joined more recently the best known are perhaps the Earl of Dunraven and Marquis of Zetland. The list of yachts registered to fly the squadron burgee includes such universally famous ones as the Meteor, belonging to the German Emperor; the Sunbeam of Lord Brassey, and the Valkyrie of Lord Dunraven. On election all members pay an entrance fee of £105, while the annual subscription is £16.

The yacht club next in importance is the Royal Thames, established in 1823. The membership (which is limited to 1,000) includes the Emperor of Russia, the King of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, Lord Brassey and Sir Donald Currie.

The uniform of the R.T.Y.C. is unique in its way. It consists of a plain blue cloth dress coat and white waistcoat, each with special buttons, and either blue cloth or white duck trousers, according to the season. In undress a short blue jacket is worn in place of the tail coat.

The annual subscription is eight guineas; except in the case of mem-

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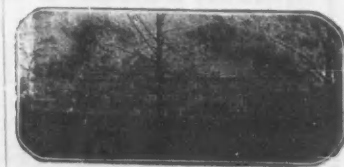
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**She Wanted to Know.**  
"Speaking of Irish bulls," remarked Clerk Brownell, "my wife had a funny introduction to one last evening. She was standing on our front doorstep when a woman with a shawl pulled over her head came hesitatingly along the sidewalk. Seeing my wife, the woman paused and said:  
"Pardon me, but are you acquainted in this neighborhood?"  
"I am. What can I do for you?" replied Mrs. Brownell.  
"Can you tell me where Mr. McCloud lives? I understand he just died, poor fellow."

### Proof Positive.

Effie—But, papa, how do you know that it was a stork that brought us the new baby?

Papa—Because, my dear, I just saw his bill!—"Woman's Home Companion."



**A Calling.**  
 "Hullo, there!"—She—"Is a telephone girl's occupation a profession or a business?"  
 He—Neither; it's a calling.—"Floh."